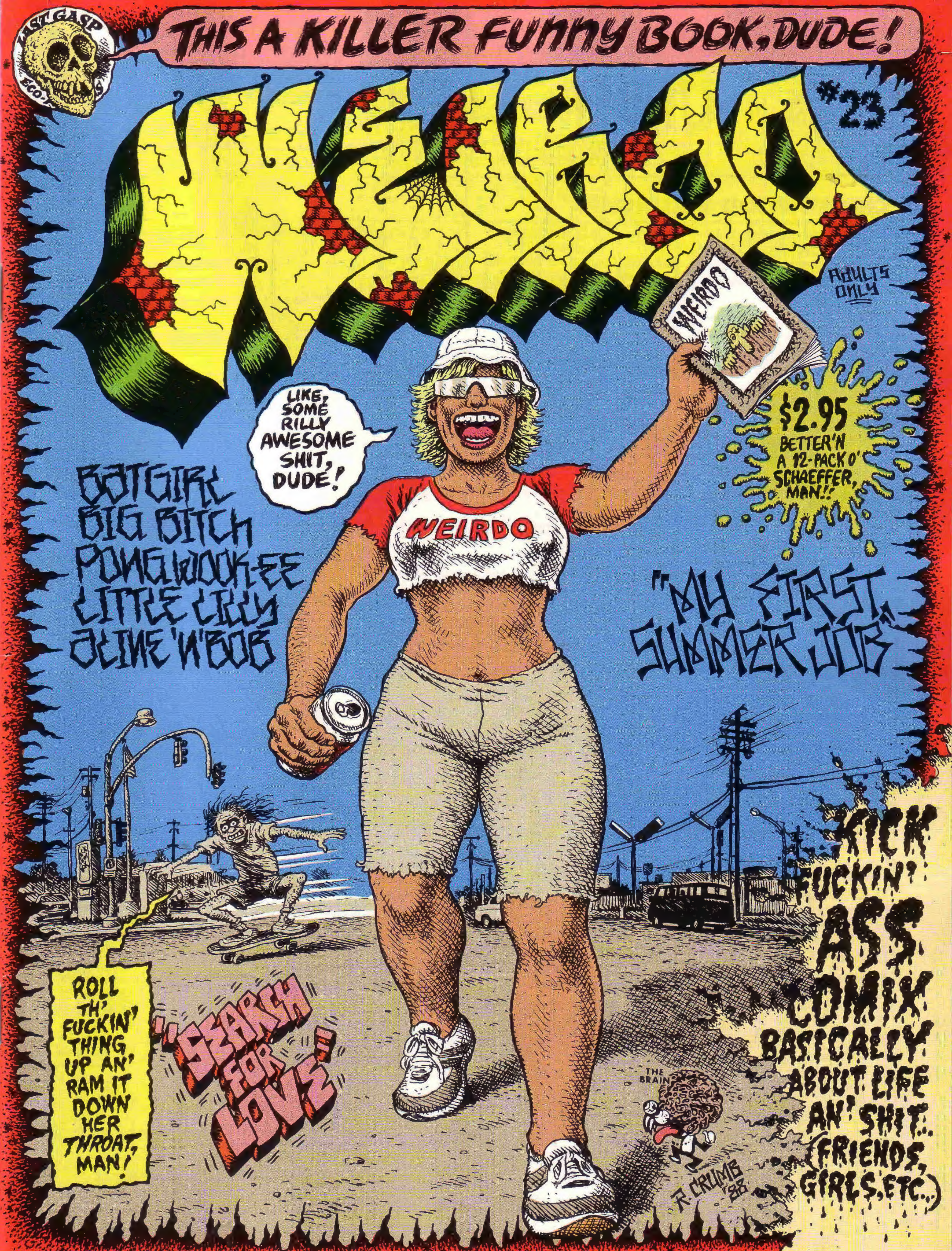
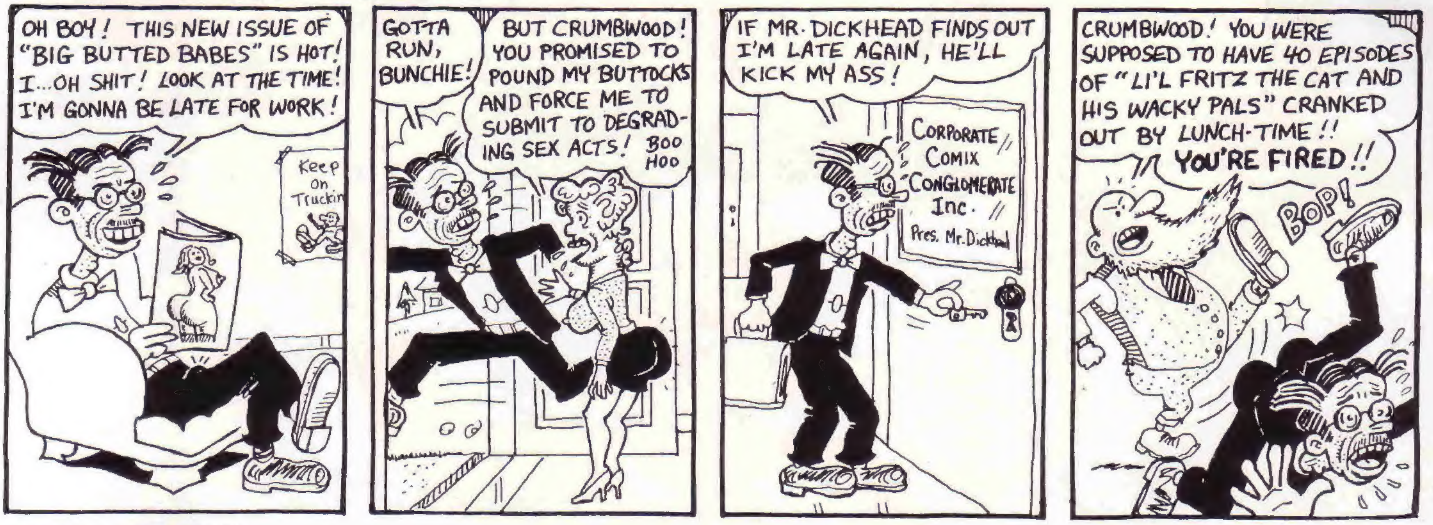

LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES
THIS A KILLER FUNNY BOOK, DUDE!
WEIRDO
#23
ADULTS ONLY
WEIRDO
LIKE, SOME RILLY AWESOME SHIT, DUDE!
$2.95 BETTER'N A 12-PACK O' SCHAEFFER, MAN!!
WEIRDO
BATGIRL
BIG BITCH
PONGWOOK-EE
LITTLE LILLY
ALINE 'N' BOB
"MY FIRST SUMMER JOB"
KICK FUCKIN' ASS COMIX BASICALLY ABOUT LIFE AN' SHIT... (FRIENDS, GIRLS, ETC...)
ROLL TH' FUCKIN' THING UP AN' RAM IT DOWN HER THROAT, MAN!
"SEARCH FOR LOVE"
THE BRAIN
R. CRUMB '88

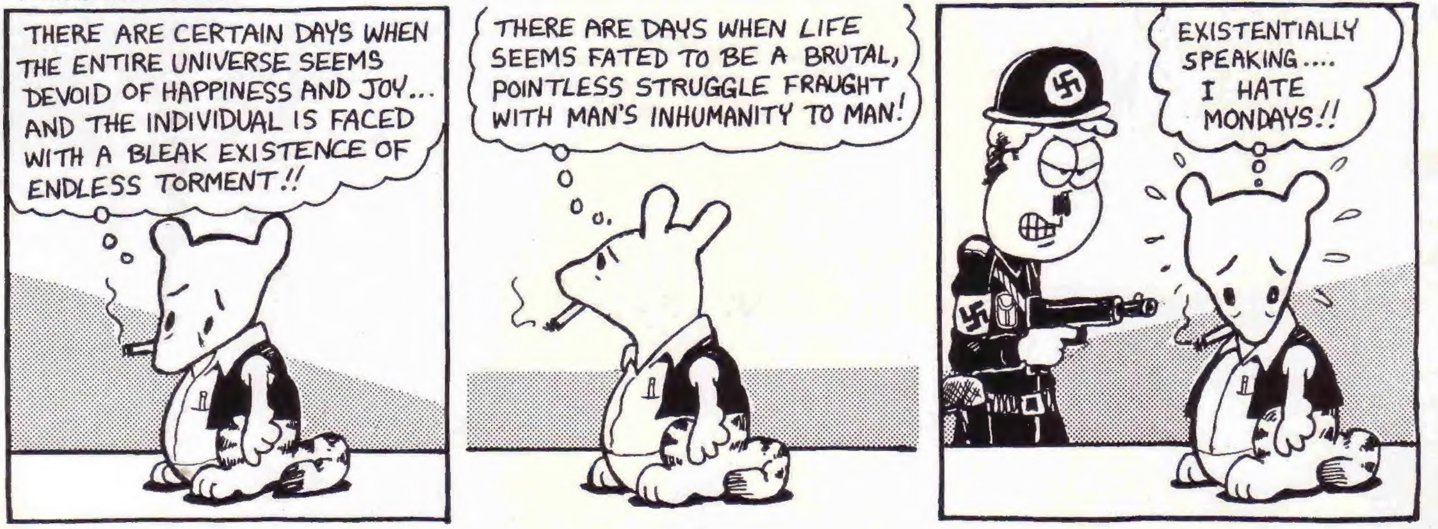
TWISTED IMAGE by Ace Backwords ©1988

WHAT IF UNDERGROUND COMIX WENT OVERGROUND?

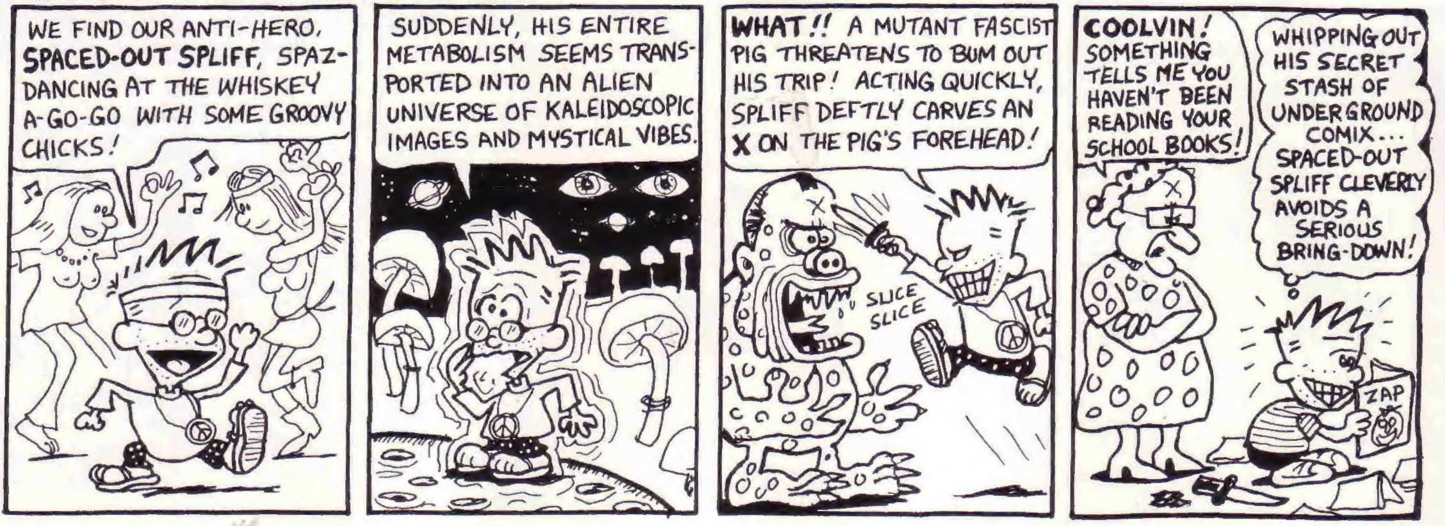
CRUMBWOOD & BUNCHIE


OH BOY! THIS NEW ISSUE OF "BIG BUTTED BABES" IS HOT! I...OH SHIT! LOOK AT THE TIME! I'M GONNA BE LATE FOR WORK!
Keep On Truckin
GOTTA RUN, BUNCHIE!
BUT CRUMBWOOD! YOU PROMISED TO POUND MY BUTTOCKS AND FORCE ME TO SUBMIT TO DEGRADING SEX ACTS! BOO HOO
IF MR. DICKHEAD FINDS OUT I'M LATE AGAIN, HE'LL KICK MY ASS!
CORPORATE COMIX CONGLOMERATE Inc. Pres. Mr. Dickhead
CRUMBWOOD! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE 40 EPISODES OF "LI'L FRITZ THE CAT AND HIS WACKY PALS" CRANKED OUT BY LUNCH-TIME!! YOU'RE FIRED!!
BOP!

MAUSFIELD


THERE ARE CERTAIN DAYS WHEN THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE SEEMS DEVOID OF HAPPINESS AND JOY... AND THE INDIVIDUAL IS FACED WITH A BLEAK EXISTENCE OF ENDLESS TORMENT!!
THERE ARE DAYS WHEN LIFE SEEMS FATED TO BE A BRUTAL, POINTLESS STRUGGLE FRAUGHT WITH MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN!
EXISTENTIALLY SPEAKING.... I HATE MONDAYS!!

COOLVIN & BUDS


WE FIND OUR ANTI-HERO, SPACED-OUT SPLIFF, SPAZ-DANCING AT THE WHISKEY A-GO-GO WITH SOME GROOVY CHICKS!
SUDDENLY, HIS ENTIRE METABOLISM SEEMS TRANSPORTED INTO AN ALIEN UNIVERSE OF KALEIDOSCOPIC IMAGES AND MYSTICAL VIBES.
WHAT!! A MUTANT FASCIST PIG THREATENS TO BUM OUT HIS TRIP! ACTING QUICKLY, SPLIFF DEFTLY CARVES AN X ON THE PIG'S FOREHEAD!
SLICE SLICE
COOLVIN! SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU HAVEN'T BEEN READING YOUR SCHOOL BOOKS!
WHIPPING OUT HIS SECRET STASH OF UNDERGROUND COMIX... SPACED-OUT SPLIFF CLEVERLY AVOIDS A SERIOUS BRING-DOWN!
ZAP

WEIRDO

NO. 23 **SUMMER, 1988**

"WHAT I REGARD AS THE OBJECTIVE, MORE OR LESS DELIBERATE MANIFESTATIONS OF MY EXISTENCE ARE MERELY THE PREMISES, WITHIN THE LIMITS OF THIS EXISTENCE, OF AN ACTIVITY WHOSE TRUE EXTENT IS QUITE UNKNOWN TO ME."
— ANDRE BRETON

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO:
ALINE KOMINSKY-CRUMB ⟶
P.O. BOX 533, WINTERS, CA. 95694

MY DEAR READERS...I'M IN A STATE TRYING TO GET THIS ISSUE OF WEIRDO OUT TO YOU EAGER FANS... BY THE TIME YOU GET THIS ZINE I WILL BE IN A NOISY BUT QUAINT CAFE ON THE LEFT BANK, TRYING HARD NOT TO LOOK AMERICAN! YOU MAY WONDER WHAT COMPELS ME TO LEAVE THIS GAWGEOUS CALIFORNIA + ALL OF YOU FOR A FIFTH-FLOOR WALK-UP + A BUNCH OF SNOOTY FOREIGNERS... WELL MAYBE ITS THE BLAST FURNACE HEAT + THE JERK IN HIS SUBURBAN MANSION ON THE HILL ABOVE OUR HOUSE; OR MAYBE ITS THE HUNDREDS OF WEIRDO SUBMISSIONS I'VE BEEN LOOKING AT!! OI VEH!! I'VE WORKED MYSELF INTO A LATHER LATELY OVER SOME O' THIS "AHT" WORK. WATTSA MATTA?? HUH? I NOTICE A LOTTA YOU YOUNGSTERS ARE FUNNY BUT YOU DON' WANNA SIT DOWN BY YOURSELF AT YOUR DESK + PUT THE TIME INTO YOUR DRAWING. IT TAKES SOME KIND OF OBSESSIVE DEVOTION TO MAKE SOMETHING WORTH LOOKING AT. I THINK I SPEND MORE TIME COMPOSING MY TACTFUL REJECTION LETTERS THAN SOME OF YOU DO ON YOUR STORIES! I DUNNO, I TOLD YOU I'M GETTING OLD + CANTANKEROUS. I'D LIKE TO SEE SOME O' YOU WISEGUYS SHAPE UP THO... ON THE POSITIVE SIDE, I'VE GOTTEN A LOT OF GOOD FEEDBACK ON WEIRDO #22. KRYTTRE'S STORY [HER WEIRDO DEBUT] WAS PRAISED BY EVERYONE + SINCE IT WAS THE DORI SEDA ISSUE IT HAD A UNIQUE APPEAL TO ALL OF THE DORI FANS OUT THERE.. I ALREADY MISS HER PRESENCE IN THIS ISSUE. NOW I KNOW YOU'LL ALL NOTICE THE DOMINANCE OF THE CRUMB FAMILY IN THIS WEIRDO + I'M SURE YOU'LL ALL AGREE THAT OUR CHILD IS A TOTAL GENIUS AFTER SEEING HER BACK COVER. IN CASE YOU THINK I'M NOT OBJECTIVE I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT I'VE REJECTED TWO PREVIOUS SUBMISSIONS BY SOPHIE. BUT THIS PAGE WAS DEFINITELY BETTER THAN MOST OF THE WORK I GET FROM YOU PUNKS OUT THERE!! SO EH, GET IT TOGETHER, THE KID'S ONLY 6½ YRS. OLD...
WELL, OH YEA... ON THIS PAGE YOU'LL NOTICE THE TWO LAST ENTRIES IN MY DRAW THE EDITOR CONTEST... AND WITH THE HELP OF MY BEST FRIENDS + A FEW COWGIRLS WHO RODE THEIR HORSES BY MY STUDIO, WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO PICK A WINNER. FIRST PRIZE [I'M NOT GIVING OUT ANY OTHERS] A COLOR PHOTO OF ME SUITABLE FOR FRAMING, GOES TO THAT TALENTED LAD PETER BAGGE... NOW PETER I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR FABULOUS PRIZE IN PERSON!! HE MUST BE THRILLED!! WELL THATS ALL I HAFTO SAY THIS TIME. OH, HARVEY WILL BE BACK NEXT ISSUE + I HOPE YOU ENJOY THE REVIEW PAGE... WE'LL CONTINUE THIS IF WE HAVE ENOUGH HALFWAY DECENT OR OUTRAGEOUSLY BAD ZINES TO LOOK AT. SO PLEASE THINK OF ME, YOUR GLAMOROUS EDITOR TURNING 40 IN PARIS + FEEL FREE TO SEND ME AS MANY **EXPENSIVE** PRESENTS AS YOU WANT!

ULP! OHH, WELL, SHE'S GONE OFF TO PARIS AND LEFT ***ME*** *TO FINISH PUTTING TOGETHER THIS ISSUE...HER WORK AREA IS A MESS...I DONT KNOW HOW SHE GETS ANYTHING DONE. I CAN'T FIND THOSE "TWO LAST ENTRIES" FOR THE "DRAW THE EDITOR" THING, BUT I DID MANAGE TO LOCATE A FEW OF THE LETTERS SHE'S RECIEVED SCATTERED ABOUT IN VARIOUS PILES OF STUFF, SO HERE THEY ARE.*
— R. CRUMB

DEAR FELLOW WEIRDOS:

JUST READ ISSUE NUMBER TWENTY AND VOMITED ON MY SOX. PRETTY GOOD ISSUE I MUST SAY. YOU KNOW WITH THREE YOU GET EGG ROLL (*SEE "MOO GOO GAIPAN"– WEIRDO NO. 20—ED.*) AND I'M ACQUAINTED WITH THIS BIG BUTTED WOMAN THAT WOULD LOVE TO SMOTHER R. CRUMB BENEATH HER GIANT BUN. (SIC) WE COULD GET TAKE-OUT— GO FOR A RIDE IN THE RICE FIELDS AND SMEAR SWEET AND SOUR ALL OVER EACH OTHER. KOMINSKY COULD MAKE IT A FOURSOME. IT WOULDN'T BE EXACTLY KOSHER, BUT WHAT THE HELL. I CAN TELL YOU GUYS ARE SLIDING BACK INTO THE MUNDANE PIT OF MIDDLE-CLASS EXISTENCE.

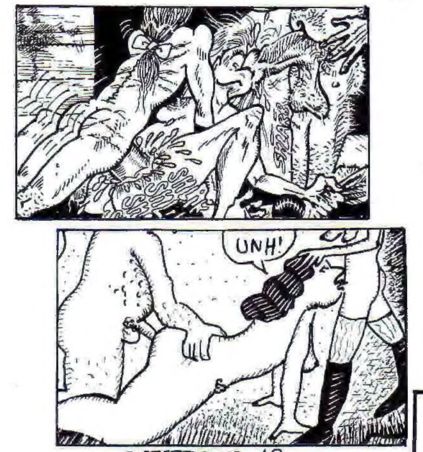
WHAT DO YOU THINK? IF YOU CANT MAKE IT TELL LUNA TICKS I'VE GOT A FREEZER FULL OF *BRAIN* (*SEE "THE YOUNG AND THE FRUSTRATED"– WEIRDO #20—ED.*) AN' MY MOTORCYCLE'S RUNNING.

SINCERELY YOURS
B. HADEN

DEAR ALINE/BOB:

EVER SINCE HER MAJESTY'S CUSTOMS AND EXCISE SEIZED WEIRDO NO. 19 IT HAS BECOME IMPOSSIBLE TO GET WEIRDO IN THIS COUNTRY. I HAVE EVERY ISSUE UP TO NO. 18 AND AM BEGINNING TO GET WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS. IS IT POSSIBLE TO TAKE OUT A SUBSCRIPTION, AND IF SO HOW MUCH DOES IT COST? DON'T LET THOSE PETTY-MINDED ANAL RETENTIVE BUREAUCRATS COME BETWEEN A WEIRDO AND HIS DESTINY.

YOURS ETC., A DISCERNING FAN
PETER RIDSDALE
BRISTOL, ENGLAND



WEIRDO NO. 19
SEIZED BY BRITISH CUSTOMS OFFICERS IN APRIL

DEAR ROBERT AND ALINE,

STRANGE TURN OF EVENTS WITH THE CUSTOMS OFFICERS HERE. A MONTH AGO THEY SEIZED OUR LATEST SHIPMENT OF SIXTY TITLES FROM LAST GASP WHICH INCLUDED MANY TITLES THAT HAD BEEN RELEASED TO US IN THE PAST YEAR. I WROTE AND PHONED THE OFFICIALS IN CHARGE, AND SUDDENLY THIS WEEK THEY RELEASED ALL THE COMIC BOOKS! THESE INCLUDED *HUP* 2, *ZAPS* 2, 3, 4, 5, 11, *TALES FROM THE LEATHER NUN*, AND OTHER STUFF WITH EXPLICIT SEX SCENES IN THEIR PAGES. JUST A FEW MONTHS BACK I WAS IN COURT LOSING *WEIRDOS* 11, 12, 14 AND 19, *LONELY NIGHTS* AND MORE. THIS SUDDEN CHANGE OF ATTITUDE (I CANT SAY HEART) ON THE PART OF HER MAJESTY'S CUSTOMS IS WELCOME, AS WELL AS SURPRISING, AS IT MAY MEAN WE CAN REIMPORT TITLES WE HAVE LOST IN THE PAST. FAINT HOPES.

.....THERE IS PROBABLY SOME OTHER GOVERNMENT AGENCY WAITING TO SEIZE THE STUFF NOW WE HAVE IT IN OUR WAREHOUSE. WE WORKED FLAT OUT THE PAST FEW DAYS PACKING IT UP AND SHIPPING IT OUT BEFORE CUSTOMS DECIDE THEY MADE A MISTAKE AND RELEASED OUR COMICS INSTEAD OF SOME FUNDAMENTAL RELIGIOUS PROPAGANDA.

BEST WISHES
TONY BENNETT
KNOCKABOUT COMICS
LONDON, ENGLAND

BENNETT AND HIS WIFE HAVE WORKED TIRELESSLY FOR YEARS, FIGHTING WITH STUFFY BRITISH OFFICIALDOM, IN AN EFFORT TO DISSEMINATE THIS AMERICAN FILTH IN GREAT BRITAIN, AS WELL AS PUBLISHING THE BEST IN BRITISH "ADULT" TYPE COMIC BOOKS. — ED.

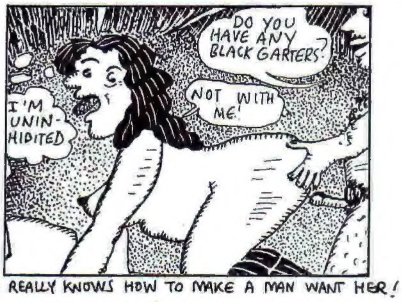
DEAR ALINE:

I NEVER KNEW HER EXCEPT THROUGH HER WORK, BUT I SHED A FEW TEARS WHEN I GOT WEIRDO 22 AND READ KRYSTINE'S STORY, AND YOUR PROSE ABOUT DORI. SHE WAS A FRIEND, THOUGH I WAS JUST A FAN. AS I AM OF YOURS. YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO MAKE A MAN WANT YOU, OR BE FASCINATED AT LEAST. I'M OLD, BEEN READING ROBERT'S AND YOUR WORK SINCE THE '60S. AT FIRST I DIDN'T LIKE YOUR DRAWING BUT I REALLY LOVE IT NOW. I'M PART JEWISH AND PART TATTOOED. MAYBE SOMEONE COULD DO A STORY ABOUT TATTOOED PEOPLE.

I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE ANY SLEAZY PROPOSITIONS TO YOU, MUCH AS I'D LIKE TO— I DO HAVE A NEAT GIRL FRIEND, AND OTHER WOMEN WHO I REALLY LIKE A LOT, BUT I DONT MAKE SLEAZY OFFERS TO THEM (THOSE OTHER WOMEN) SO WHY SHOULD I TO YOU...

BYE FOR NOW— MAYBE I'LL WRITE TO YOU AGAIN.

TATTOO DAVE
FROM CHICAGO
A REALLY GREAT TOWN


DO YOU HAVE ANY BLACK GARTERS?
NOT WITH ME!
I'M UNIN-HIDITED

SHE REALLY KNOWS HOW TO MAKE A MAN WANT HER!

DEAR ALINE KOMINSKY,

I *LIKE WEIRDO*. IT IS A SACRED DOCUMENT IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE SLAVES OF SAINT BOBOLA...

R. CRUMB: SEXIST ISSUE IS CRAP. HELL, I KNEW THAT AT THE AGE OF EIGHT, WHEN MY MOM WOULD COME BACK FROM AN ENCOUNTER SESSION AND READ TO ME AND MY SIS FROM *OUR BODIES, OURSELVES*... I FIND YOUR CARTOON EXPRESSION OF THE HUMAN CONDITION TO BE EXAGGERATEDLY ACCURATE, HA! INSIDE PLUS: I APPRECIATE YOUR FOND FEELINGS FOR THE ATHLETIC-YET-BIG-BUTTED AND AMPLE-THIGHED. WE USUALLY ONLY GET IT FROM THE LATINO GUYS ON BROADWAY WHO HISS THROUGH THEIR TEETH WHEN A THICK, TAUT BIT O' LEG STRUTS BY. SINCE THESE GUYS ARE THE *HOMELESS*, IT'S JUST NOT REAL *BOOSTING*, IF YAKNOWWHATI-MEAN.

TO CLOSE, THE BUNCH RULES. IT ALL TIES IN WITH ST. BOBOLA. REALLY, IT DOES. READ UP ON HIM. SEND A LETTER TO THE POPE FOR ME.

IN NOMINE PATRI, ET FILIUS, ET SPIRITUS SANCTI, AMEN.

FATHER ELISA.

THE SECURITY REGULATIONS

1. YOU MUST ANSWER ACCORDINGLY TO MY QUESTIONS_DON'T TURN THEM AWAY.
2. DON'T TRY TO HIDE THE FACTS BY MAKING PRETEXTS THIS AND THAT. YOU ARE STRICTLY PROHIBITED TO CONTEST ME.
3. DON'T BE A FOOL FOR YOU ARE A CHAP WHO DARE TO THWART THE REVOLUTION.
4. YOU MUST IMMEDIATELY ANSWER MY QUESTIONS WITHOUT WASTING TIME TO REFLECT.
5. DON'T TELL ME EITHER ABOUT YOUR IMMORALITIES OR THE ESSENCE OF THE REVOLUTION.
6. WHILE GETTING LASHES OR ELECTRIFICATION YOU MUST NOT CRY AT ALL.
7. DO NOTHING, SIT STILL AND WAIT FOR MY ORDERS. IF THERE IS NO ORDER, KEEP QUIET. WHEN I ASK YOU TO DO SOMETHING, YOU MUST DO IT RIGHT AWAY WITHOUT PROTESTING.
8. DON'T MAKE PRETEXTS ABOUT KAMPUCHEA KROM IN ORDER TO HIDE YOUR JAW OF TRAITOR.
9. IF YOU DON'T FOLLOW ALL THE ABOVE RULES, YOU WILL GET MANY MANY LASHES OF ELECTRIC WIRE.
10. IF YOU DISOBEY ANY POINT OF MY REGULATIONS YOU WILL GET EITHER TEN LASHES OR FIVE SHOCKS OF ELECTRIC DISCHARGE.
11. YOU MUST ORDER MANY MANY BACK ISSUE *WEIRDO MAGAZINE*.

ISSUES 1-4: $2.25
ISSUES 5-17: $2.50
ISSUES 18-22: $2.95
INCLUDE $1.50 POSTAGE WITH YOUR ORDER
SEND TO
LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES, P.O. BOX 410067, SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94141

WEIRDO NO. 23, SUMMER, 1988. PUBLISHED BY LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES, P.O. Box 410067, San Francisco, Calif., 94141. ©1988 by Aline Kominsky-Crumb, R. Crumb, Spain Rodriguez, Kim Deitch, Joe Sacco, B.N. Duncan, Lindsay Arnold, Tom Chalkley, Sophie Crumb, Carol Tyler, Ted Jouflas, Pete Labriola. *Submissions of Stories and Artwork should be Xerox Copies only, and sent to Editor A. Kominsky-Crumb. Extra* Copies of this magazine should be ordered from the Publisher.

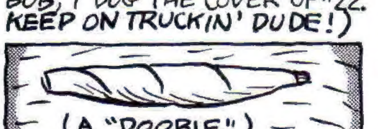
Lisa Lee

WEIRDO'S HOTTEST NEW 'ZINE REVIEWER!

FROM ALL OVER THE U.S.A., FINE YOUNG TALENTED **CARTOONISTS** ARE SENDING IN COPIES OF THEIR **SELF-PUBLISHED MAGAZINES.** USUALLY, THEY ARE PRODUCED WITH THEIR OWN **BREAD** AND FEATURE WILD STORY **LINES**, CRAZY COLLAGES AND **ZANINESS** TOO STRANGE TO BELIEVE! THE **WEIRDO** OFFICES HAVE LITERALLY BEEN **SWAMPED** WITH WORK.

RECENTLY AT AEROBICS CLASS, I SPOTTED THE OVERWHELMED EDITOR **ALINE COMISKY-KRUM** (SLIM AND GORGEOUS DESPITE THE PRESSURE), SHOWED HER MY RESUMÉ AND SHE OFFERED ME THIS **GIG**. (**CAN YOU DIG IT? WHAT A TRIP!**) (AND I'VE SENT OUT OVER 200 RESUMÉS!) STILL THIS WEIRDO THING HAS **TURNED ME ON!**

LET ME SHARE WITH YOU THEN, MY **CREDENTIALS** SO THAT YOU TOO CAN SEE I'M THE MOST QUALIFIED CANDIDATE FOR THE JOB. FIRST OFF I'VE GOTTA LAY **SOMETHIN' ON 'YA SO THAT YOU KNOW WHERE I'M COMIN FROM. I DON'T** READ COMICS! BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? I DON'T. THINK IT **MATTERS**, A COOL PERSON OF MY CALIBER DOESN'T HAVE TO BE CONCERNED WITH A DETAIL LIKE THAT. I KNOW **HOW** TO CUT THROUGH THE BULLSHIT AND **SEPARATE THE WHEAT FROM THE CHAFF** (DIG IT: CROSBY STILLS & NASH!) I HOPE THAT I'M **RIGHT ON** WITH THIS HIPPIE LINGO AND THAT I'M GUAGING THE AVG. **WEIRDO** READER CORRECTLY. WHO ELSE HAS TIME TO READ THIS STUFF? CERTAINLY NOT GOAL CENTERED MATERIALISTIC FAST-TRACK FOLKS LIKE **ME**. (BY THE WAY BOB, I DUG THE COVER OF #22. **KEEP ON TRUCKIN' DUDE!**)



ANYWAYS, LETS GO ON. I'M A GRADUATE OF S.U. I MAJORED IN JOURNALISM AND BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS. I DID THE DOUBLE MAJOR TRIP IN ORDER TO KEEP MY **OPTIONS** OPEN. ALINE, I REALLY APPRECIATE **YOUR** CONFIDENCE IN MY ABILITY, AND I DON'T MEAN TO **HASSLE** YOU, BUT I'VE GOT TO BE HONEST: TO ME **WEIRDO** IS JUST A STEPPING STONE TO A BETTER JOB, PREFFERABLY WITH A CORPORATION (EDITOR OF AN IN-HOUSE PUBLICATION). (I'M GOING TO STAY HERE AT **WEIRDO** TILL I GET MY HONDA CRX PAID FOR... THAT IS, IF I CAN RAZZLE-DAZZLE MRS. CRUM LONG ENOUGH. I'M NOT EVEN SURE IF I DARE LIST THIS JOB ON MY RESUMÉ!)

LIKE I SAID BEFORE, COMICS ARE **NOT** MY PASSION, BUT I DID FLIP THRU A COUPLE OF BACK ISSUES HERE AT THE OFFICES AND I JUST HAVE TO ASK THIS QUESTION: **WHY** THE PRE-OCCUPATION WITH **HUMPING** AND **ANGST**? WHAT PURPOSE DOES IT SERVE? I WAS HOPIN TO SEE SOME LIGHT-HEARTED FUNNY PAGES.. BUT THEN, WHY SHOULD **I** CARE? I JUST DO MY JOB, **PLAN MY WEEKENDS** AND READ **CATHY** DURING BREAK.

(CATHY HUMPING A DOOBIE)

(I GUESS THIS IS THE SORT OF THING HIPPIES WOULD LIKE TO SEE..)

THERE'S **ONE MORE** LITTLE ITEM I NEED TO DISCUSS WITH ALL OF YOU **CARTOONISTS** STRUGGLING TO GET BY, AND THAT IS: **ARE YOU KIDDING** ABOUT MAKING A LIVING WITH THIS STUFF? DO YOU PREFER USED CARS AND CHEESY APARTMENTS? 'CAUSE THAT'S ALL YOU'LL EVER HAVE IN THIS FIELD, AS FAR AS I CAN SEE. I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND THE **LABOR OF LOVE** ELEMENT THAT GOES INTO THESE WORKS, I MEAN TO POUR HOURS & HOURS INTO THESE PROJECTS, AND THEN EXPECT ONLY TO BREAK EVEN! ITS TOO **LABOR INTENSIVE**- ITS NOT **COST EFFECTIVE**... CAN YOU DIG IT? MY SUGGESTION IS TO EITHER GET A REAL JOB OR TO LET ME HELP YOU COME UP WITH A **HOT** MARKETING STRATEGY. (SEE, I ALSO HAVE A DEGREE IN MARKETING). MY BOOK **"TRIP" INTO WEALTH, MAN** WILL GET YOU CLOSER TO YOUR 15 MINUTES IN THE LIMELIGHT THAN ANYTHING ELSE YOU'VE TRIED. BELIEVE ME! **"TRIP" INTO WEALTH, MAN** WILL SAVE YOUR ASS!!!

SEND $5 AND A SASE to:

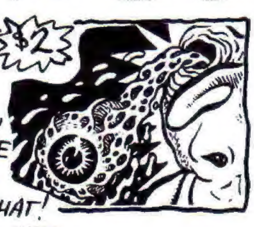
Lisa Lee
℅ ALINE COMISKY-KRUMM
PO BOX 533
WINTERS, CALIF 95694

(THANKS- YOU WON'T REGRET IT!)

NOW, LETS GET DOWN TO IT:

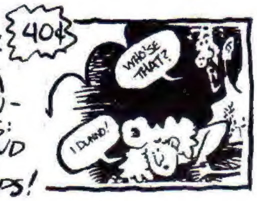
THE BLOTTER - ROY TOMPKINS, et al.
BOX 16022, AUSTIN, TX 78761

TELL YOUR MOTHER TO GET OUT THE MASSENGILL FOR THIS BLOODY, VIOLENT, WELL DRAWN SUBURBAN PUNK BOY EFFORT. AFTER THE 3rd PAGE OF DRIPPING EYEBALLS, THE OUTRAGE BECOMES A JOKE. AND A PRETTY SILLY ONE AT THAT!



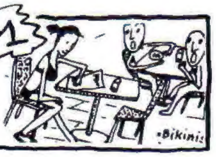
UNSUPERVISED EXISTENCE
Terry Laban - 2102 DEXTER
ANN ARBOR, MICH 48103

A GOOD LOOKING STORY OF A SORT OF INTERESTING RELATIONSHIP THAT LEFT ME WONDERING: "WHERE'S THE BEEF." I RECOMMEND READING THIS WHILE EATING A TUNA FISH SANDWICH... WITH CHIPS!


40¢
WHO'SE THAT?
I DUNNO!

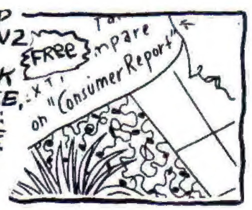
THIS IS NANCY'S MAGAZINE
PO BOX 02108, COLUMBUS, OH 43202

AN ARTICULATE MAGAZINE THAT FEELS SO GOOD YOU'LL SWEAR YOUR FAVORITE SISTER WROTE IT. AS REFRESHING AS A FRED HARVEY "OASIS" ALONG THE OHIO THRUWAY.



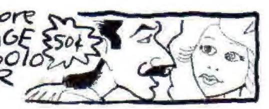
GUILT COMICS - Maurice Vellekoop
51 CAMDEN ST. TORONTO M5V 1V2

ALTHO THIS BOOK IS AWARE OF ITS FINE-ARTINESS, I THINK ITS HEART IS IN THE RIGHT PLACE. A NOTE OF CAUTION TO MAURICE: THERE'S A DANGER IN THE FINE ART TO COMICS TRANSITION, IF YOU DON'T LET YOUR ASS HANG OUT. SPILL SOME INK, DUDE!



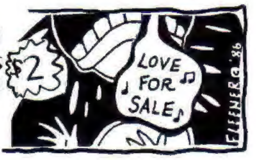
CARDBOARD LOVE - E.E. Moore
D.K. Micloskey. BLATANT IMAGE
65 INGRAM ST. BRISTOL, CT 06010

I LIKE THIS LITTLE 'ZINE FOR ITS UN-HIP-NESS.



CHICKEN SLACKS - (Armstrong
Fleener, Krythe, Worden, Greenier,)
Honath, Gaither, Pizz, Bob X -
LIES THEY TELL PUBLICATIONS
309 OCEAN VIEW, ENCINITAS, CA 92024

WACKY ILLUSTRATED SONGS. KIND OF LIKE A COMICS MTV.... (CTV?)



DADA GUMBO - Published by
Dale Luciano, 810 GLENDALE AV
ASHLAND, ORE. 97520

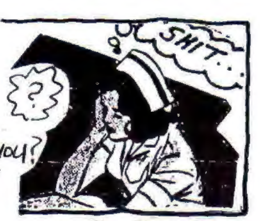
UNEVEN, BUT MIGHTY FUN.

AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST MY ABSOLUTE FAVORITE:

POP ROMANCE -

(Unfortunately there was no name or address inside).

FARCE AT ITS FINEST! (I CAN DO WITHOUT THE BABY). WHO ARE YOU?

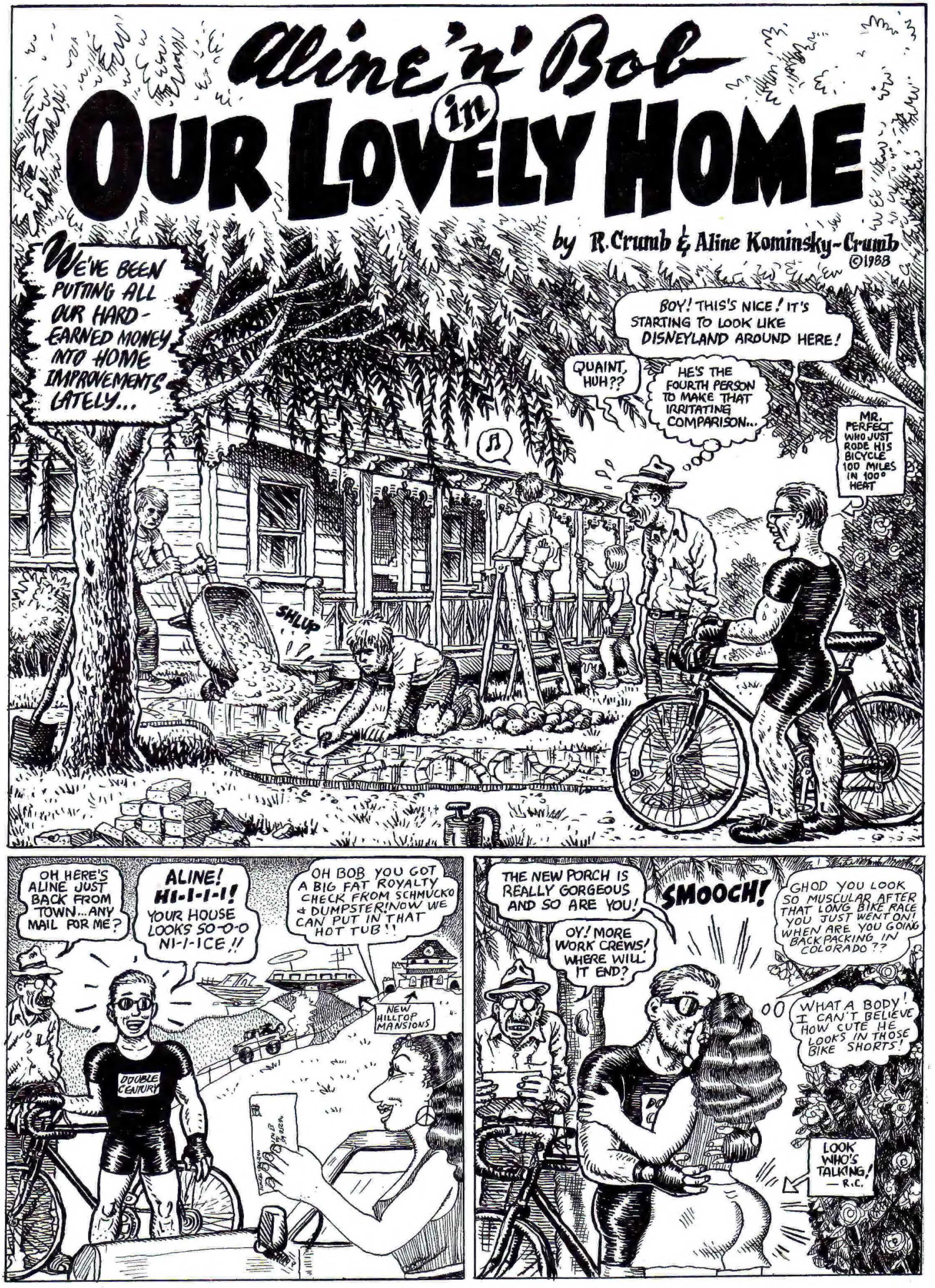


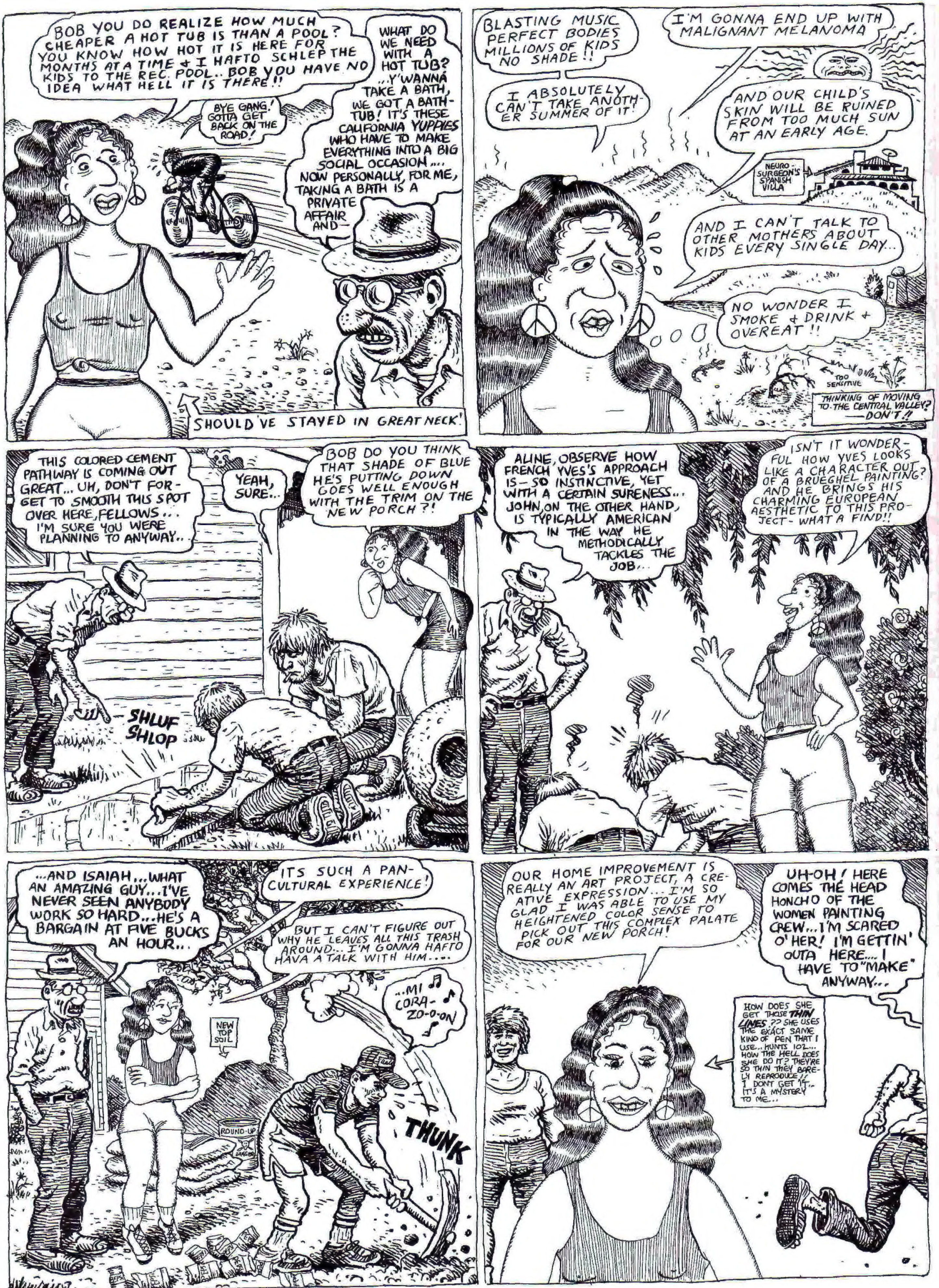
SO, THERE YOU **HAVE** IT... MY PROFESSIONAL OPINIONS.

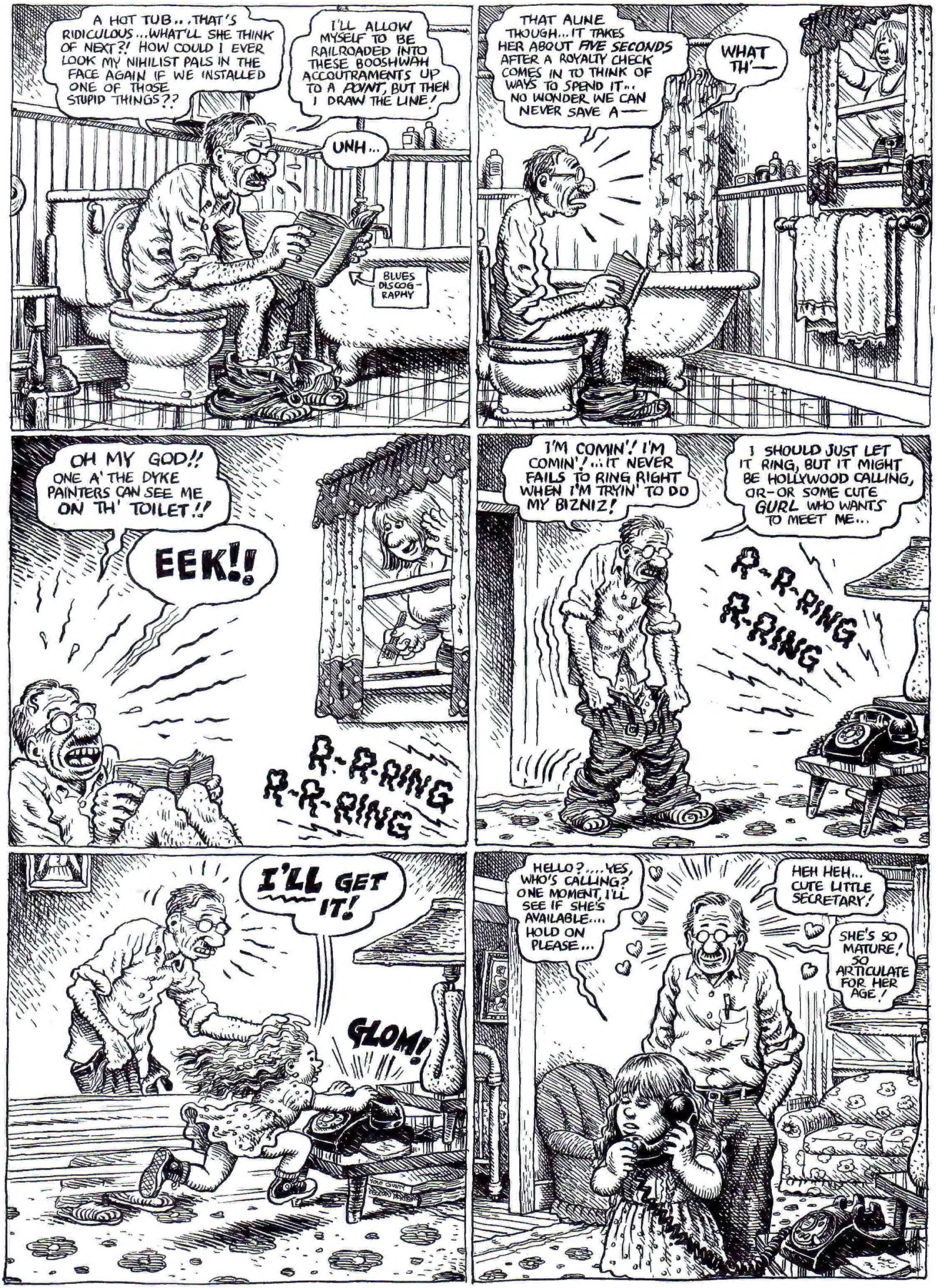
TILL NEXT TIME... Luv ♥ Lisa

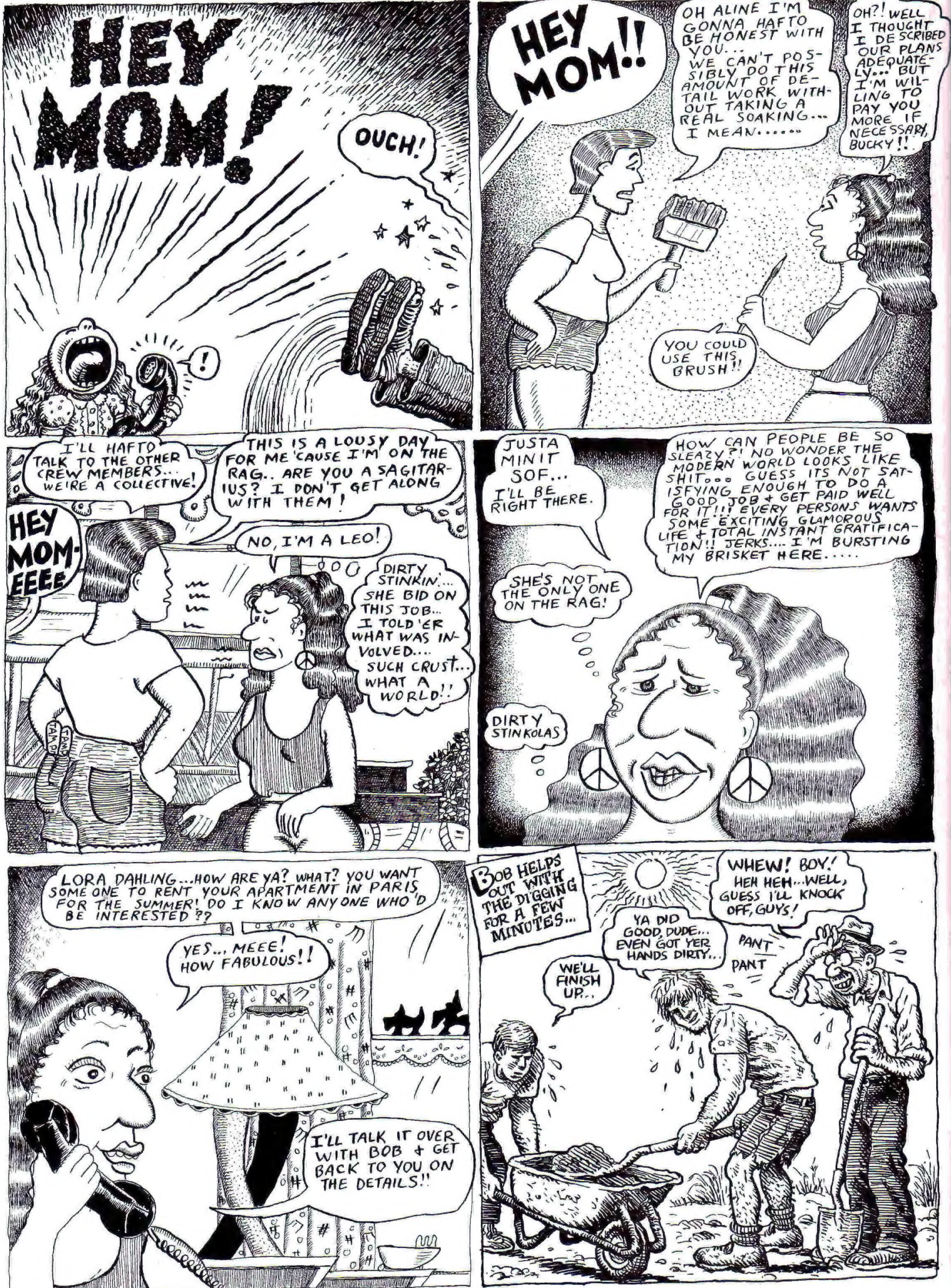
Aline 'n' Bob in OUR LOVELY HOME

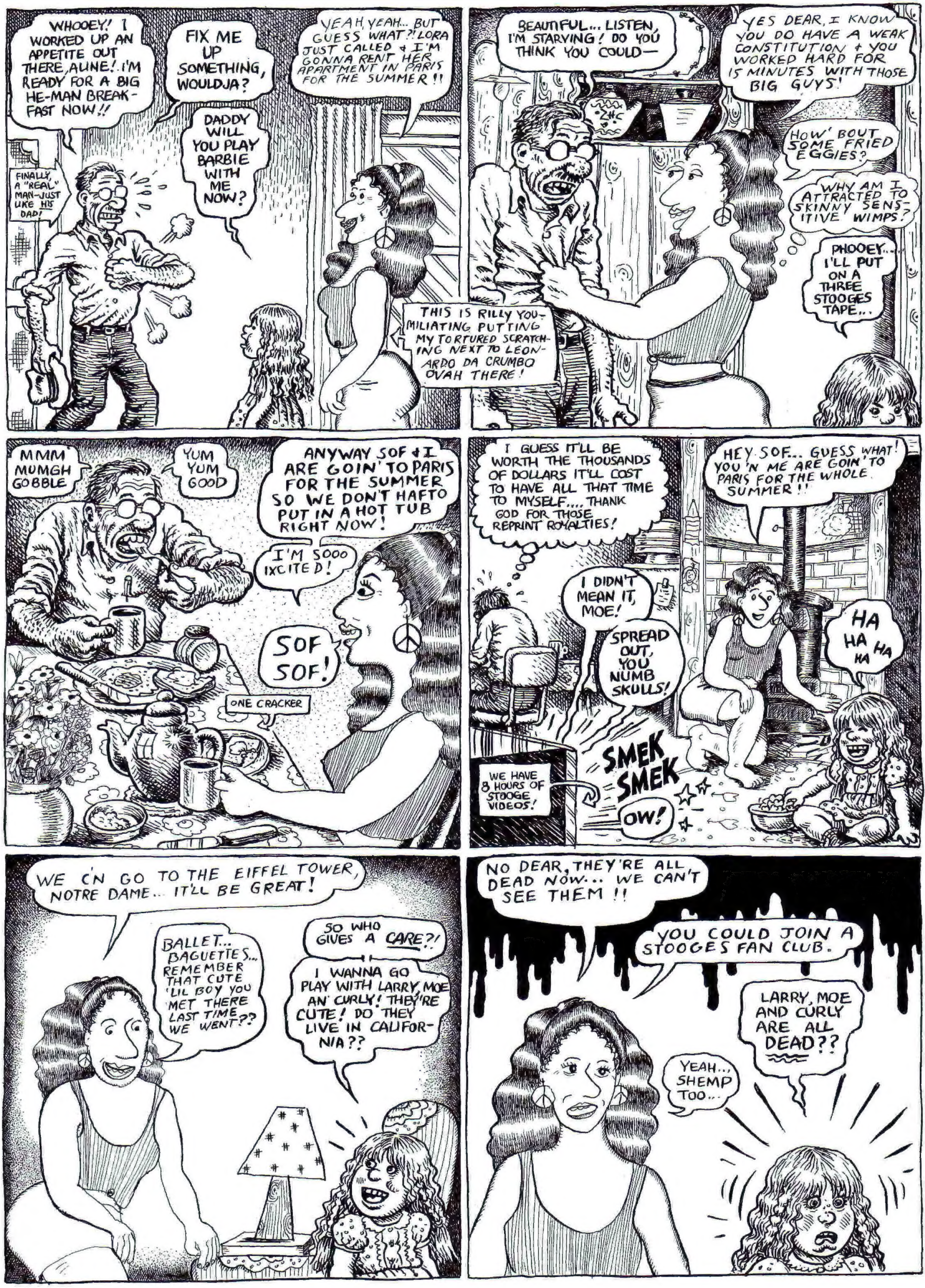
by R. Crumb & Aline Kominsky-Crumb ©1988

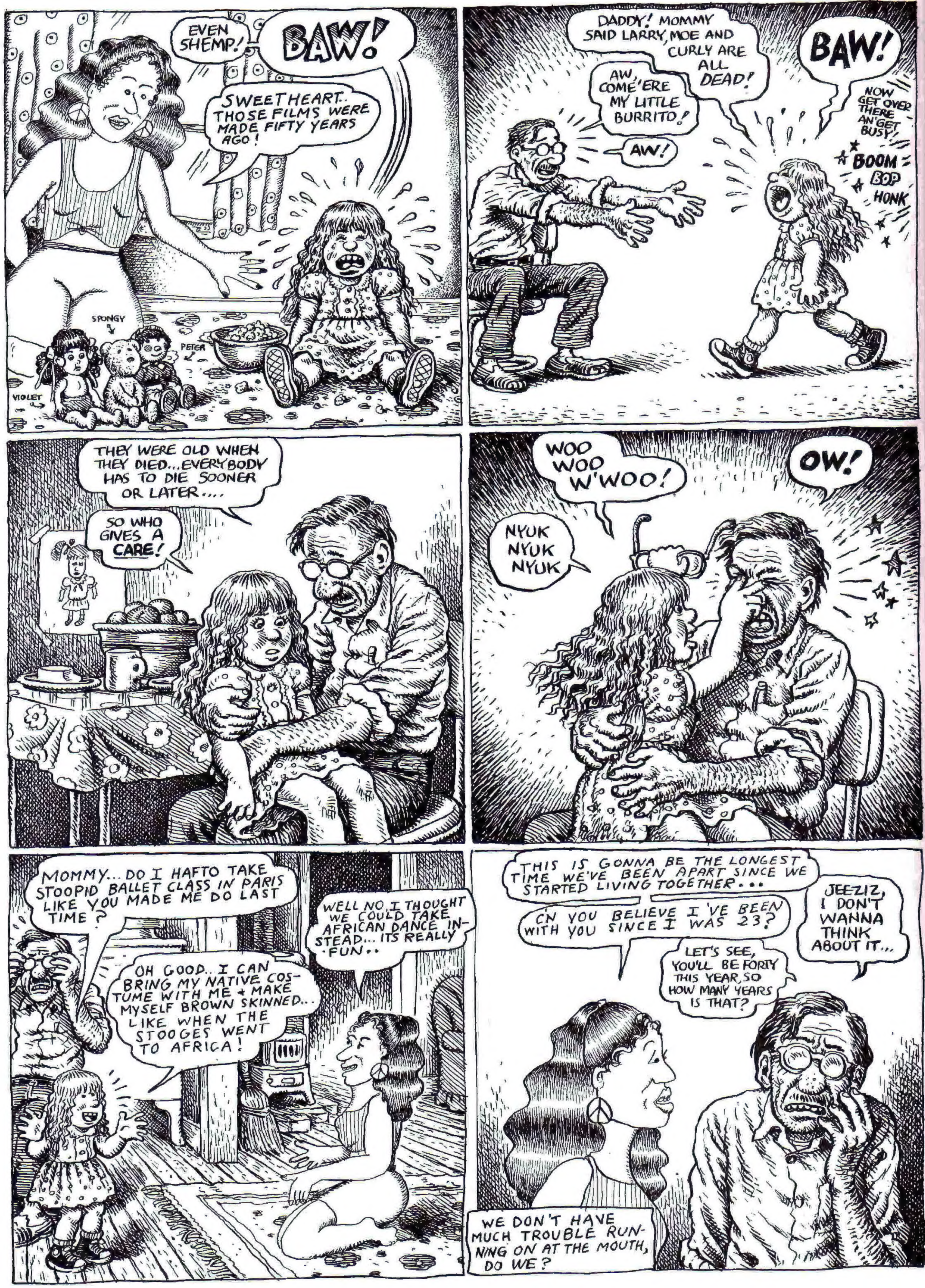

WE'VE BEEN PUTTING ALL OUR HARD-EARNED MONEY INTO HOME IMPROVEMENTS LATELY...
BOY! THIS'S NICE! IT'S STARTING TO LOOK LIKE DISNEYLAND AROUND HERE!
QUAINT, HUH??
HE'S THE FOURTH PERSON TO MAKE THAT IRRITATING COMPARISON...
♫
MR. PERFECT WHO JUST RODE HIS BICYCLE 100 MILES IN 100° HEAT
SHLUP
OH HERE'S ALINE JUST BACK FROM TOWN... ANY MAIL FOR ME?
ALINE! HI-I-I-I! YOUR HOUSE LOOKS SO-O-O NI-I-ICE!!
OH BOB YOU GOT A BIG FAT ROYALTY CHECK FROM SCHMUCKO & DUMPSTER! NOW WE CAN PUT IN THAT HOT TUB!!
NEW HILLTOP MANSIONS
DOUBLE CENTURY
THE NEW PORCH IS REALLY GORGEOUS AND SO ARE YOU!
SMOOCH!
OY! MORE WORK CREWS! WHERE WILL IT END?
GHOD YOU LOOK SO MUSCULAR AFTER THAT LONG BIKE RACE YOU JUST WENT ON! WHEN ARE YOU GOING BACKPACKING IN COLORADO??
WHAT A BODY! I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW CUTE HE LOOKS IN THOSE BIKE SHORTS!
LOOK WHO'S TALKING! — R.C.

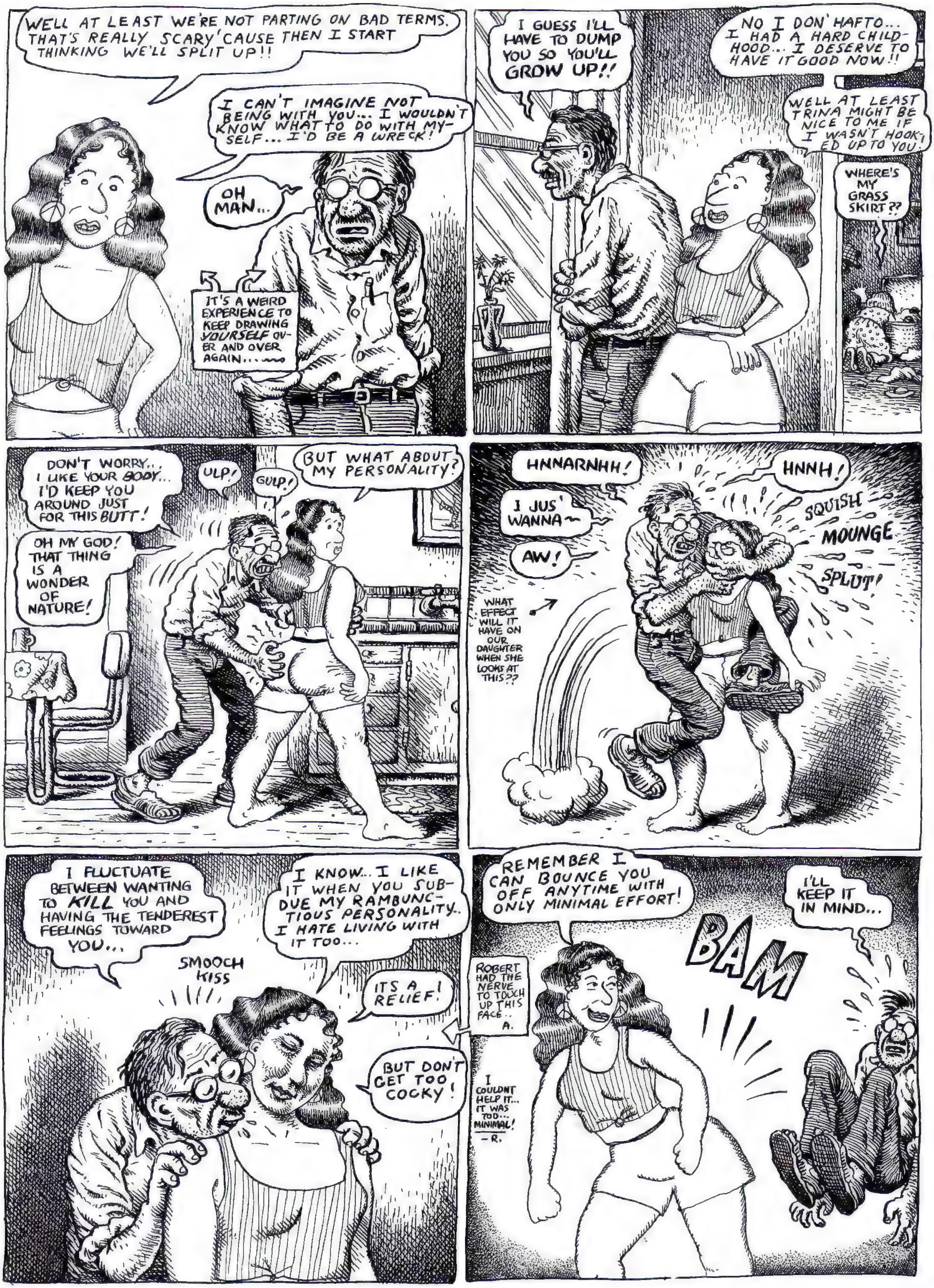

BOB YOU DO REALIZE HOW MUCH CHEAPER A HOT TUB IS THAN A POOL? YOU KNOW HOW HOT IT IS HERE FOR MONTHS AT A TIME & I HAFTO SCHLEP THE KIDS TO THE REC. POOL.. BOB YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT HELL IT IS THERE!!
WHAT DO WE NEED WITH A HOT TUB? ..Y'WANNA TAKE A BATH, WE GOT A BATHTUB! IT'S THESE CALIFORNIA YUPPIES WHO HAVE TO MAKE EVERYTHING INTO A BIG SOCIAL OCCASION.... NOW PERSONALLY, FOR ME, TAKING A BATH IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR AND—
BYE GANG! GOTTA GET BACK ON THE ROAD!
SHOULD'VE STAYED IN GREAT NECK!
BLASTING MUSIC PERFECT BODIES MILLIONS OF KIDS NO SHADE!!
I'M GONNA END UP WITH MALIGNANT MELANOMA
I ABSOLUTELY CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER SUMMER OF IT!
AND OUR CHILD'S SKIN WILL BE RUINED FROM TOO MUCH SUN AT AN EARLY AGE.
NEURO-SURGEON'S SPANISH VILLA
AND I CAN'T TALK TO OTHER MOTHERS ABOUT KIDS EVERY SINGLE DAY...
NO WONDER I SMOKE & DRINK & OVEREAT!!
TOO SENSITIVE
THINKING OF MOVING TO THE CENTRAL VALLEY? —DON'T!!
THIS COLORED CEMENT PATHWAY IS COMING OUT GREAT... UH, DON'T FORGET TO SMOOTH THIS SPOT OVER HERE, FELLOWS... I'M SURE YOU WERE PLANNING TO ANYWAY..
YEAH, SURE...
BOB DO YOU THINK THAT SHADE OF BLUE HE'S PUTTING DOWN GOES WELL ENOUGH WITH THE TRIM ON THE NEW PORCH?!
SHLUF SHLOP
ALINE, OBSERVE HOW FRENCH YVES'S APPROACH IS—SO INSTINCTIVE, YET WITH A CERTAIN SURENESS... JOHN, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS TYPICALLY AMERICAN IN THE WAY HE METHODICALLY TACKLES THE JOB..
ISN'T IT WONDERFUL HOW YVES LOOKS LIKE A CHARACTER OUT OF A BRUEGHEL PAINTING? AND HE BRINGS HIS CHARMING EUROPEAN AESTHETIC TO THIS PROJECT - WHAT A FIND!!
...AND ISAIAH... WHAT AN AMAZING GUY... I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYBODY WORK SO HARD... HE'S A BARGAIN AT FIVE BUCKS AN HOUR..
ITS SUCH A PAN-CULTURAL EXPERIENCE!
BUT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY HE LEAVES ALL THIS TRASH AROUND... I'M GONNA HAFTO HAVA A TALK WITH HIM....
...MI CORA-ZO-O-ON ♪
NEW TOP SOIL
ROUND-UP DANGER
THUNK
OUR HOME IMPROVEMENT IS REALLY AN ART PROJECT, A CREATIVE EXPRESSION... I'M SO GLAD I WAS ABLE TO USE MY HEIGHTENED COLOR SENSE TO PICK OUT THIS COMPLEX PALATE FOR OUR NEW PORCH!
UH-OH! HERE COMES THE HEAD HONCHO OF THE WOMEN PAINTING CREW... I'M SCARED O' HER! I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE.... I HAVE TO "MAKE" ANYWAY...
HOW DOES SHE GET THOSE THIN LINES ?? SHE USES THE EXACT SAME KIND OF PEN THAT I USE.. HUNTS 102... HOW THE HELL DOES SHE DO IT? THEY'RE SO THIN THEY BARELY REPRODUCE!! I DONT GET IT.. IT'S A MYSTERY TO ME...

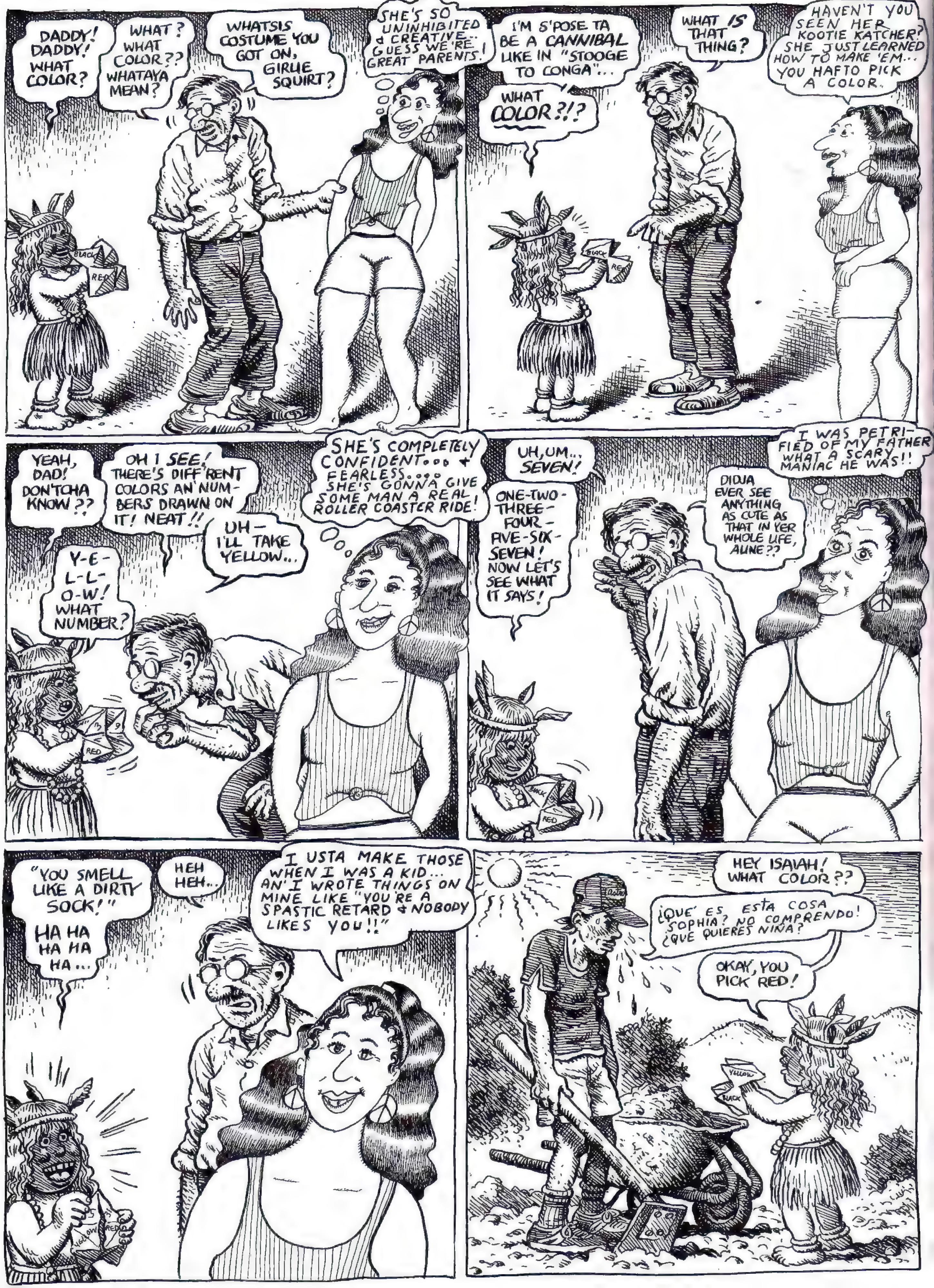

A HOT TUB... THAT'S RIDICULOUS... WHAT'LL SHE THINK OF NEXT?! HOW COULD I EVER LOOK MY NIHILIST PALS IN THE FACE AGAIN IF WE INSTALLED ONE OF THOSE STUPID THINGS??
I'LL ALLOW MYSELF TO BE RAILROADED INTO THESE BOOSHWAH ACCOUTRAMENTS UP TO A *POINT*, BUT THEN I DRAW THE LINE!
UNH...
BLUES DISCOG-RAPHY
THAT ALINE THOUGH... IT TAKES HER ABOUT *FIVE SECONDS* AFTER A ROYALTY CHECK COMES IN TO THINK OF WAYS TO SPEND IT... NO WONDER WE CAN NEVER SAVE A—
WHAT TH'—
OH MY GOD!! ONE A' THE DYKE PAINTERS CAN SEE ME ON TH' TOILET!!
EEK!!
R-R-RING R-R-RING
I'M COMIN'! I'M COMIN'!... IT NEVER FAILS TO RING RIGHT WHEN I'M TRYIN' TO DO MY BIZNIZ!
I SHOULD JUST LET IT RING, BUT IT MIGHT BE HOLLYWOOD CALLING, OR-OR SOME CUTE GURL WHO WANTS TO MEET ME...
R-R-RING R-RING
I'LL GET IT!
GLOM!
HELLO?.... YES, WHO'S CALLING? ONE MOMENT, I'LL SEE IF SHE'S AVAILABLE.... HOLD ON PLEASE...
HEH HEH... CUTE LITTLE SECRETARY!
SHE'S SO MATURE! SO ARTICULATE FOR HER AGE!

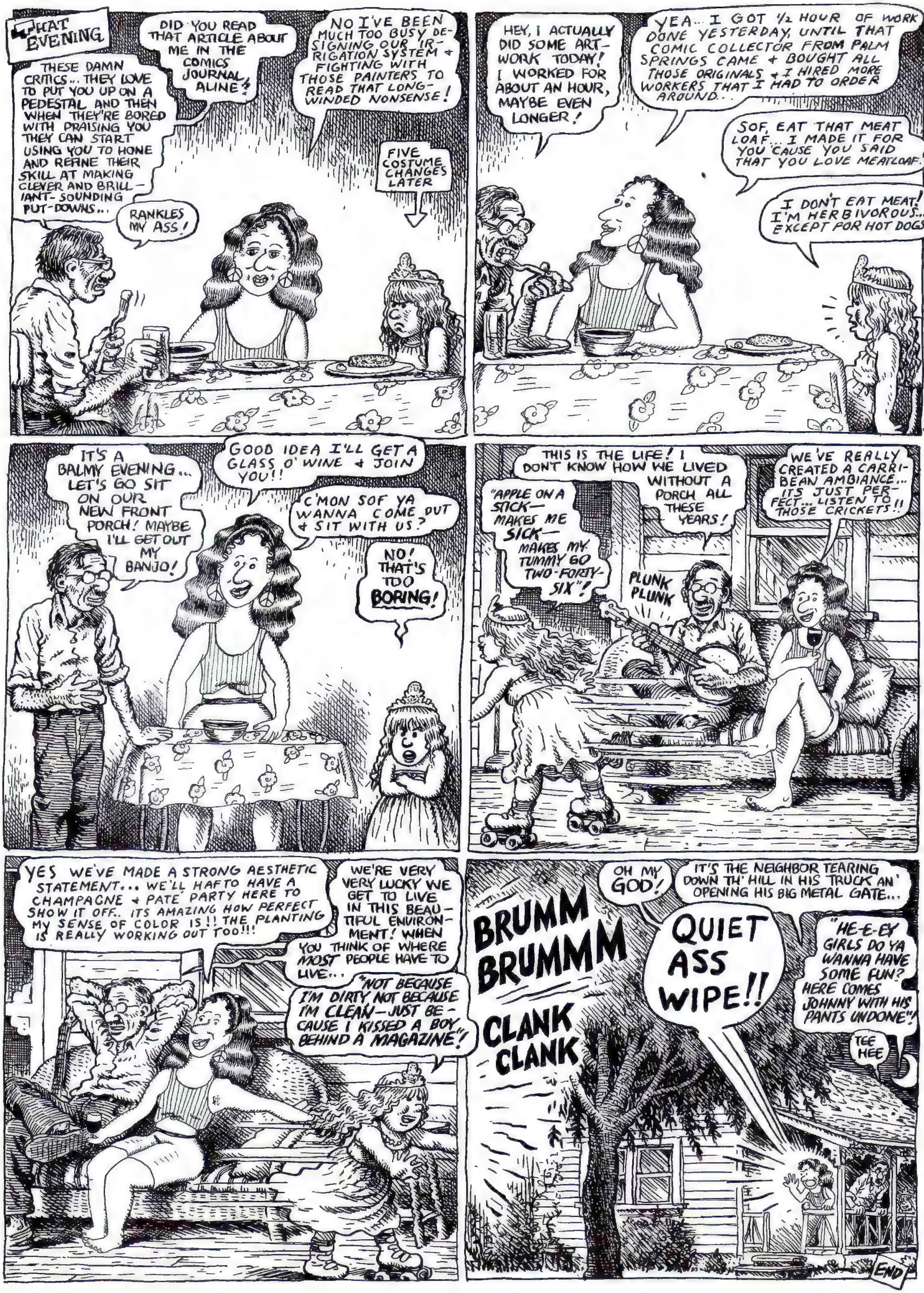

HEY MOM!
OUCH!
!
HEY MOM!!
OH ALINE I'M GONNA HAFTO BE HONEST WITH YOU... WE CAN'T POSSIBLY DO THIS AMOUNT OF DETAIL WORK WITHOUT TAKING A REAL SOAKING... I MEAN......
OH?! WELL I THOUGHT I DESCRIBED OUR PLANS ADEQUATELY... BUT I'M WILLING TO PAY YOU MORE IF NECESSARY, BUCKY!!
YOU COULD USE THIS BRUSH!!
I'LL HAFTO TALK TO THE OTHER CREW MEMBERS... WE'RE A COLLECTIVE!
THIS IS A LOUSY DAY FOR ME 'CAUSE I'M ON THE RAG.. ARE YOU A SAGITARIUS? I DON'T GET ALONG WITH THEM!
HEY MOM-EEEE
NO, I'M A LEO!
DIRTY STINKIN'... SHE BID ON THIS JOB... I TOLD 'ER WHAT WAS INVOLVED.... SUCH CRUST... WHAT A WORLD!!
JUSTA MINIT SOF... I'LL BE RIGHT THERE.
HOW CAN PEOPLE BE SO SLEAZY?! NO WONDER THE MODERN WORLD LOOKS LIKE SHIT... GUESS ITS NOT SATISFYING ENOUGH TO DO A GOOD JOB + GET PAID WELL FOR IT!!! EVERY PERSONS WANTS SOME EXCITING GLAMOROUS LIFE + TOTAL INSTANT GRATIFICATION!! JERKS.... I'M BURSTING MY BRISKET HERE.....
SHE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE ON THE RAG!
DIRTY STINKOLAS
LORA DAHLING...HOW ARE YA? WHAT? YOU WANT SOME ONE TO RENT YOUR APARTMENT IN PARIS FOR THE SUMMER! DO I KNOW ANYONE WHO'D BE INTERESTED??
YES.., MEEE! HOW FABULOUS!!
I'LL TALK IT OVER WITH BOB + GET BACK TO YOU ON THE DETAILS!!
BOB HELPS OUT WITH THE DIGGING FOR A FEW MINUTES...
WHEW! BOY! HEH HEH...WELL, GUESS I'LL KNOCK OFF, GUYS!
YA DID GOOD, DUDE... EVEN GOT YER HANDS DIRTY...
PANT
PANT
WE'LL FINISH UP..

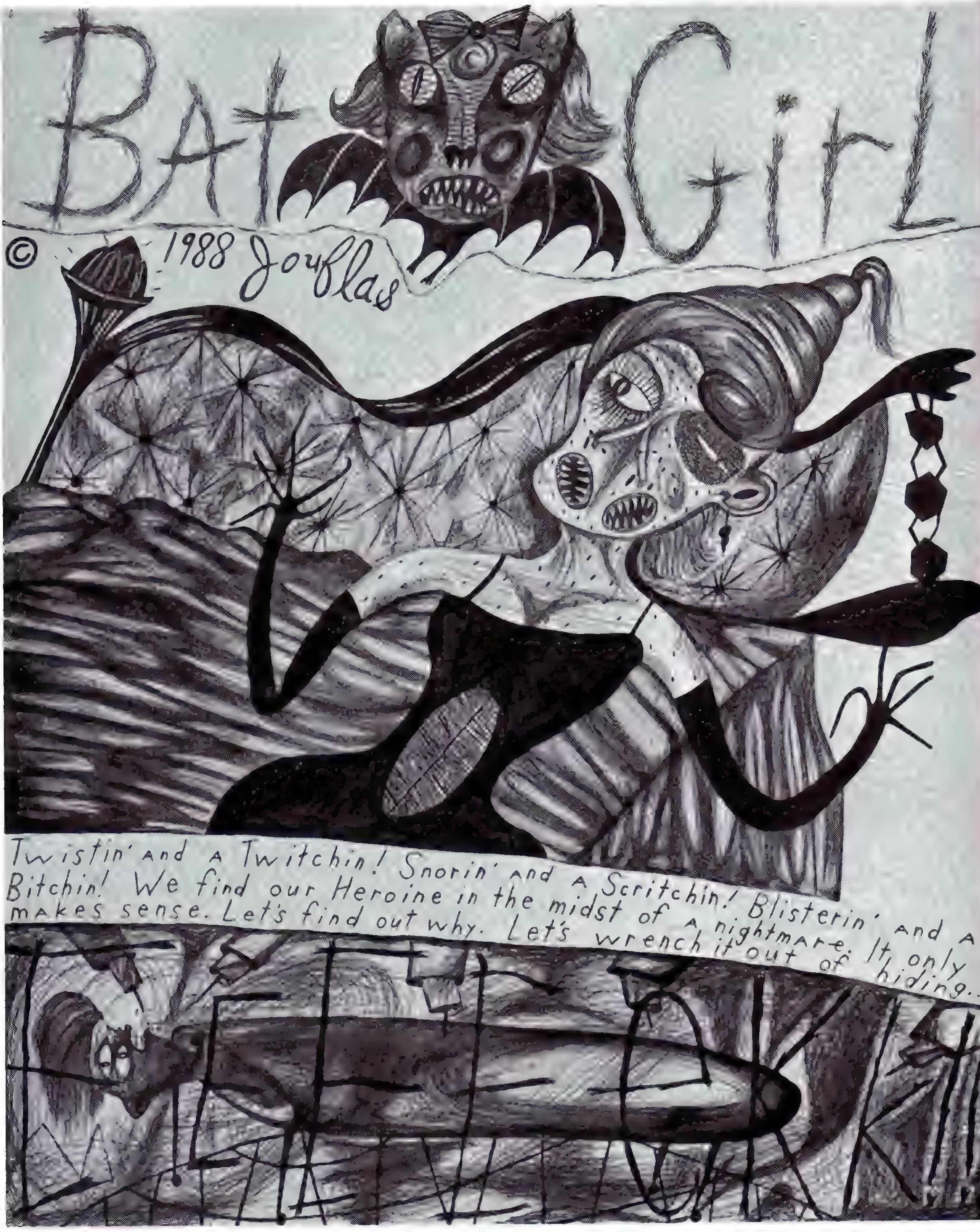

WHOOEY! I WORKED UP AN APPETITE OUT THERE, ALINE! I'M READY FOR A BIG HE-MAN BREAKFAST NOW!!
FIX ME UP SOMETHING, WOULDJA?
FINALLY, A "REAL" MAN—JUST LIKE HIS DAD!
DADDY WILL YOU PLAY BARBIE WITH ME NOW?
YEAH, YEAH... BUT GUESS WHAT?! LORA JUST CALLED & I'M GONNA RENT HER APARTMENT IN PARIS FOR THE SUMMER!!
THIS IS RILLY YOU-MILIATING PUTTING MY TORTURED SCRATCHING NEXT TO LEONARDO DA CRUMBO OVAH THERE!
BEAUTIFUL... LISTEN, I'M STARVING! DO YOU THINK YOU COULD—
YES DEAR, I KNOW YOU DO HAVE A WEAK CONSTITUTION & YOU WORKED HARD FOR 15 MINUTES WITH THOSE BIG GUYS!
HOW' BOUT SOME FRIED EGGIES?
WHY AM I ATTRACTED TO SKINNY SENSITIVE WIMPS?
PHOOEY... I'LL PUT ON A THREE STOOGES TAPE...
MMM MUMGH GOBBLE
YUM YUM GOOD
ANYWAY SOF & I ARE GOIN' TO PARIS FOR THE SUMMER SO WE DON'T HAFTO PUT IN A HOT TUB RIGHT NOW!
I'M SOOO IXCITED!
SOF SOF!
ONE CRACKER
I GUESS IT'LL BE WORTH THE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IT'LL COST TO HAVE ALL THAT TIME TO MYSELF.... THANK GOD FOR THOSE REPRINT ROYALTIES!
HEY SOF... GUESS WHAT! YOU 'N ME ARE GOIN' TO PARIS FOR THE WHOLE SUMMER!!
I DIDN'T MEAN IT, MOE!
SPREAD OUT, YOU NUMB SKULLS!
HA HA HA HA
SMEK SMEK
OW!
WE HAVE 8 HOURS OF STOOGE VIDEOS!
WE C'N GO TO THE EIFFEL TOWER, NOTRE DAME... IT'LL BE GREAT!
BALLET... BAGUETTES... REMEMBER THAT CUTE 'LIL BOY YOU MET THERE LAST TIME WE WENT??
SO WHO GIVES A CARE?!
I WANNA GO PLAY WITH LARRY, MOE AN' CURLY! THEY'RE CUTE! DO THEY LIVE IN CALIFORNIA??
NO DEAR, THEY'RE ALL DEAD NOW... WE CAN'T SEE THEM!!
YOU COULD JOIN A STOOGES FAN CLUB.
LARRY, MOE AND CURLY ARE ALL DEAD??
YEAH... SHEMP TOO...

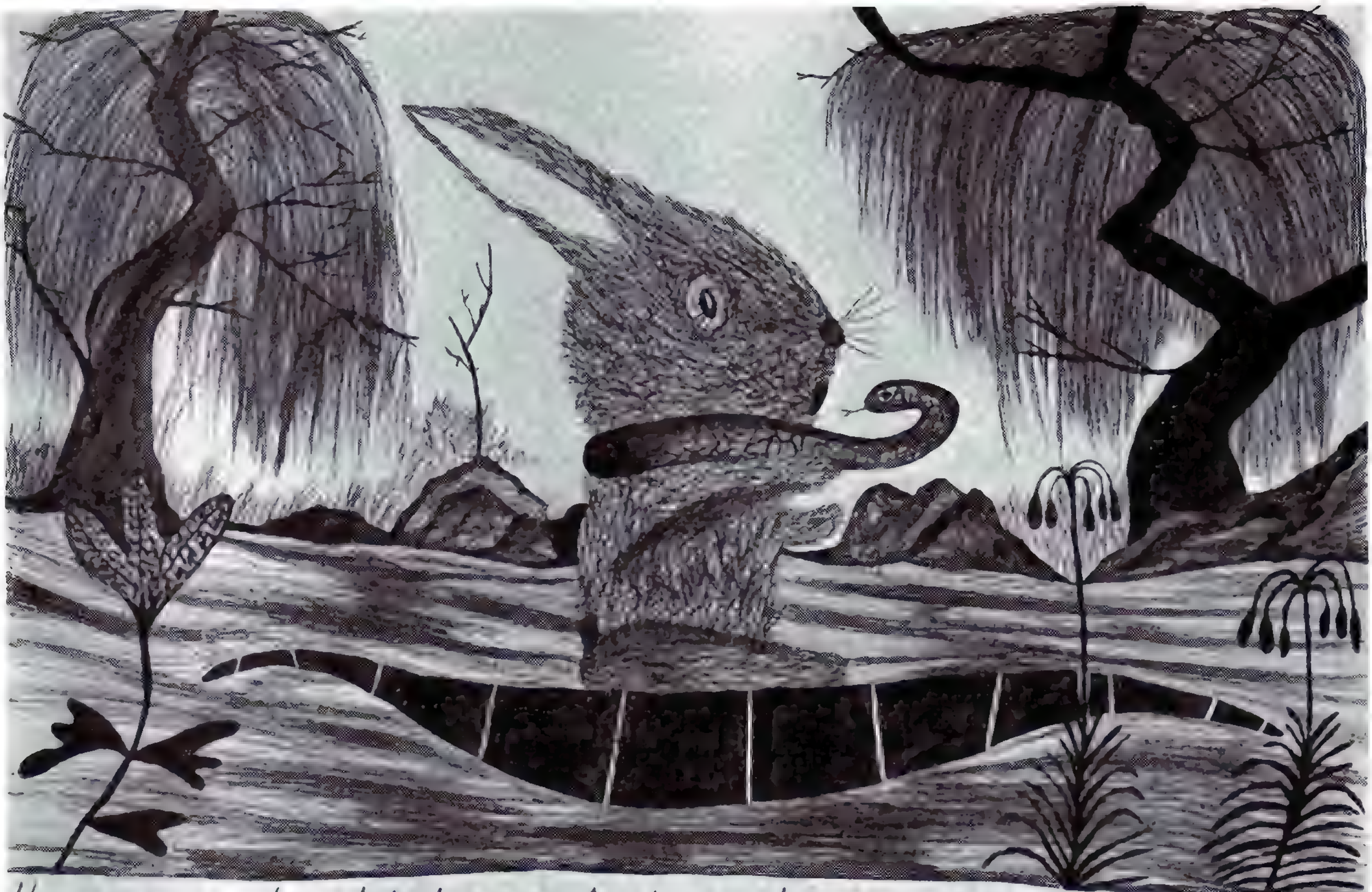

EVEN SHEMP!
BAW!
SWEETHEART.. THOSE FILMS WERE MADE FIFTY YEARS AGO!
SPONGY
PETER
VIOLET
DADDY! MOMMY SAID LARRY, MOE AND CURLY ARE ALL DEAD!
BAW!
AW, COME'ERE MY LITTLE BURRITO!
AW!
NOW GET OVER THERE AN'GET BUSY!
BOOM
BOP
HONK
THEY WERE OLD WHEN THEY DIED... EVERYBODY HAS TO DIE SOONER OR LATER....
SO WHO GIVES A CARE!
WOO WOO W'WOO!
OW!
NYUK NYUK NYUK
MOMMY... DO I HAFTO TAKE STOOPID BALLET CLASS IN PARIS LIKE YOU MADE ME DO LAST TIME?
WELL NO I THOUGHT WE COULD TAKE AFRICAN DANCE INSTEAD... ITS REALLY FUN..
OH GOOD.. I CAN BRING MY NATIVE COSTUME WITH ME + MAKE MYSELF BROWN SKINNED... LIKE WHEN THE STOOGES WENT TO AFRICA!
THIS IS GONNA BE THE LONGEST TIME WE'VE BEEN APART SINCE WE STARTED LIVING TOGETHER...
C'N YOU BELIEVE I'VE BEEN WITH YOU SINCE I WAS 23?
JEEZIZ, I DON'T WANNA THINK ABOUT IT...
LET'S SEE, YOU'LL BE FORTY THIS YEAR, SO HOW MANY YEARS IS THAT?
WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TROUBLE RUNNING ON AT THE MOUTH, DO WE?


WELL AT LEAST WE'RE NOT PARTING ON BAD TERMS. THAT'S REALLY SCARY 'CAUSE THEN I START THINKING WE'LL SPLIT UP!!
I CAN'T IMAGINE NOT BEING WITH YOU... I WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MYSELF... I'D BE A WRECK!
OH MAN...
IT'S A WEIRD EXPERIENCE TO KEEP DRAWING YOURSELF OVER AND OVER AGAIN...
I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DUMP YOU SO YOU'LL GROW UP!!
NO I DON' HAFTO... I HAD A HARD CHILDHOOD... I DESERVE TO HAVE IT GOOD NOW!!
WELL AT LEAST TRINA MIGHT BE NICE TO ME IF I WASN'T HOOKED UP TO YOU!
WHERE'S MY GRASS SKIRT??
DON'T WORRY... I LIKE YOUR BODY... I'D KEEP YOU AROUND JUST FOR THIS BUTT!
ULP!
GULP!
BUT WHAT ABOUT MY PERSONALITY?
OH MY GOD! THAT THING IS A WONDER OF NATURE!
HNNARNHH!
HNNH!
I JUS' WANNA~
AW!
SQUISH
MOUNGE
SPLUT!
WHAT EFFECT WILL IT HAVE ON OUR DAUGHTER WHEN SHE LOOKS AT THIS??
I FLUCTUATE BETWEEN WANTING TO KILL YOU AND HAVING THE TENDEREST FEELINGS TOWARD YOU...
I KNOW... I LIKE IT WHEN YOU SUBDUE MY RAMBUNCTIOUS PERSONALITY.. I HATE LIVING WITH IT TOO...
SMOOCH KISS
ITS A RELIEF!
BUT DON'T GET TOO COCKY!
REMEMBER I CAN BOUNCE YOU OFF ANYTIME WITH ONLY MINIMAL EFFORT!
I'LL KEEP IT IN MIND...
BAM
ROBERT HAD THE NERVE TO TOUCH UP THIS FACE.. A.
I COULDNT HELP IT... IT WAS TOO... MINIMAL! —R.

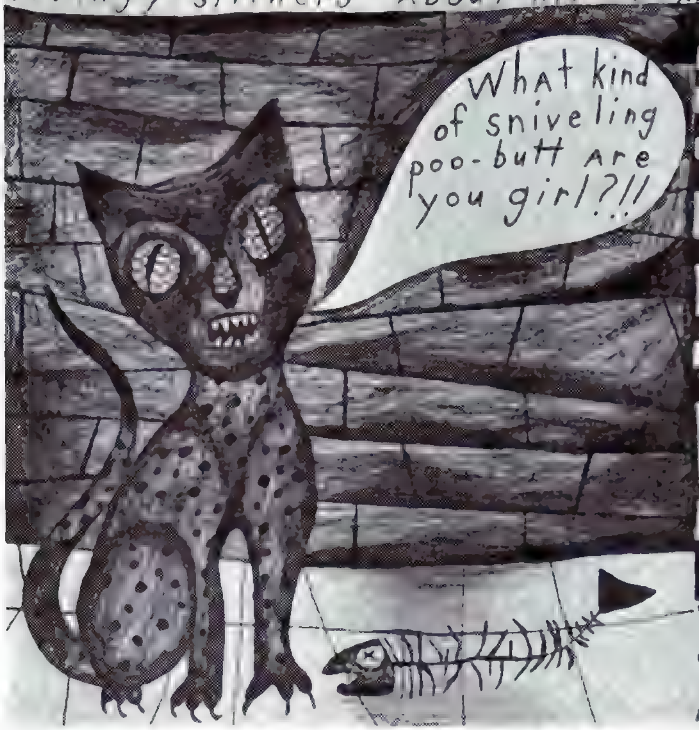

DADDY! DADDY! WHAT COLOR?
WHAT? WHAT COLOR?? WHATAYA MEAN?
WHATSIS COSTUME YOU GOT ON, GIRLIE SQUIRT?
SHE'S SO UNINHIBITED & CREATIVE.. GUESS WE'RE GREAT PARENTS!
BLACK
RED
I'M S'POSE TA BE A *CANNIBAL* LIKE IN "STOOGE TO CONGA"...
WHAT COLOR?!?
WHAT *IS* THAT THING?
HAVEN'T YOU SEEN HER KOOTIE KATCHER? SHE JUST LEARNED HOW TO MAKE 'EM... YOU HAFTO PICK A COLOR.
BLACK
RED
YEAH, DAD! DON'TCHA KNOW??
OH I *SEE*! THERE'S DIFF'RENT COLORS AN' NUMBERS DRAWN ON IT! NEAT!!
SHE'S COMPLETELY CONFIDENT... & FEARLESS.... SHE'S GONNA GIVE SOME MAN A REAL ROLLER COASTER RIDE!
UH— I'LL TAKE YELLOW...
Y-E-L-L-O-W! WHAT NUMBER?
3
9
RED
UH, UM... *SEVEN*!
ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR-FIVE-SIX-SEVEN! NOW LET'S SEE WHAT IT SAYS!
I WAS PETRIFIED OF MY FATHER WHAT A SCARY MANIAC HE WAS!!
DIDJA EVER SEE ANYTHING AS CUTE AS THAT IN YER WHOLE LIFE, ALINE??
BLACK
RED
"YOU SMELL LIKE A DIRTY SOCK!" HA HA HA HA HA...
HEH HEH...
I USTA MAKE THOSE WHEN I WAS A KID... AN' I WROTE THINGS ON MINE LIKE "YOU'RE A SPASTIC RETARD & NOBODY LIKES YOU!!"
YELLOW
RED
Astros
HEY ISAIAH! WHAT COLOR??
¿QUÉ ES ESTA COSA SOPHIA? NO COMPRENDO! ¿QUE QUIERES NIÑA?
OKAY, YOU PICK RED!
YELLOW
BLACK

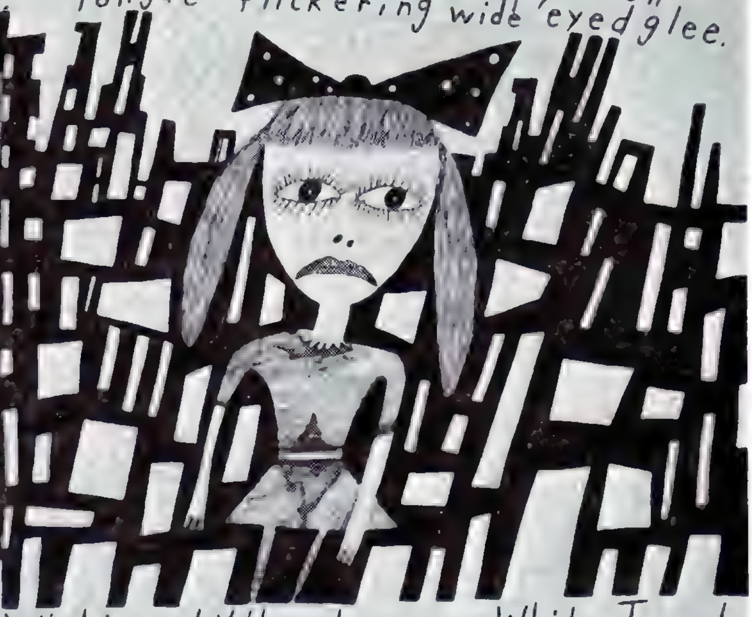

THAT EVENING
THESE DAMN CRITICS... THEY LOVE TO PUT YOU UP ON A PEDESTAL AND THEN WHEN THEY'RE BORED WITH PRAISING YOU THEY CAN START USING YOU TO HONE AND REFINE THEIR SKILL AT MAKING CLEVER AND BRILLIANT-SOUNDING PUT-DOWNS...
DID YOU READ THAT ARTICLE ABOUT ME IN THE COMICS JOURNAL, ALINE?
NO I'VE BEEN MUCH TOO BUSY DESIGNING OUR IRRIGATION SYSTEM + FIGHTING WITH THOSE PAINTERS TO READ THAT LONG-WINDED NONSENSE!
RANKLES MY ASS!
FIVE COSTUME CHANGES LATER
HEY, I ACTUALLY DID SOME ART-WORK TODAY! I WORKED FOR ABOUT AN HOUR, MAYBE EVEN LONGER!
YEA... I GOT 1/2 HOUR OF WORK DONE YESTERDAY, UNTIL THAT COMIC COLLECTOR FROM PALM SPRINGS CAME + BOUGHT ALL THOSE ORIGINALS + I HIRED MORE WORKERS THAT I HAD TO ORDER AROUND...
SOF, EAT THAT MEAT LOAF... I MADE IT FOR YOU 'CAUSE YOU SAID THAT YOU LOVE MEATLOAF!
I DON'T EAT MEAT! I'M HERBIVOROUS... EXCEPT FOR HOT DOGS!
IT'S A BALMY EVENING... LET'S GO SIT ON OUR NEW FRONT PORCH! MAYBE I'LL GET OUT MY BANJO!
GOOD IDEA I'LL GET A GLASS O' WINE + JOIN YOU!!
C'MON SOF YA WANNA COME OUT + SIT WITH US?
NO! THAT'S TOO BORING!
THIS IS THE LIFE! I DON'T KNOW HOW WE LIVED WITHOUT A PORCH ALL THESE YEARS!
"APPLE ON A STICK— MAKES ME SICK— MAKES MY TUMMY GO TWO-FORTY-SIX"!
WE'VE REALLY CREATED A CARRIBEAN AMBIANCE... ITS JUST PERFECT... LISTEN TO THOSE CRICKETS!!
PLUNK PLUNK
YES WE'VE MADE A STRONG AESTHETIC STATEMENT... WE'LL HAFTO HAVE A CHAMPAGNE + PATE PARTY HERE TO SHOW IT OFF.. ITS AMAZING HOW PERFECT MY SENSE OF COLOR IS!! THE PLANTING IS REALLY WORKING OUT TOO!!!
WE'RE VERY VERY LUCKY WE GET TO LIVE IN THIS BEAUTIFUL ENVIRONMENT! WHEN YOU THINK OF WHERE MOST PEOPLE HAVE TO LIVE...
"NOT BECAUSE I'M DIRTY, NOT BECAUSE I'M CLEAN—JUST BECAUSE I KISSED A BOY BEHIND A MAGAZINE"!
OH MY GOD!
IT'S THE NEIGHBOR TEARING DOWN TH' HILL IN HIS TRUCK AN' OPENING HIS BIG METAL GATE...
BRUMM BRUMMM
CLANK CLANK
QUIET ASS WIPE!!
"HE-E-EY GIRLS DO YA WANNA HAVE SOME FUN? HERE COMES JOHNNY WITH HIS PANTS UNDONE"!
TEE HEE
END


Bat Girl
© 1988 Jouflas
Twistin' and a Twitchin! Snorin' and a Scritchin! Blisterin' and a Bitchin! We find our Heroine in the midst of a nightmare. It only makes sense. Let's find out why. Let's wrench it out of hiding...
BAT GIRL!!

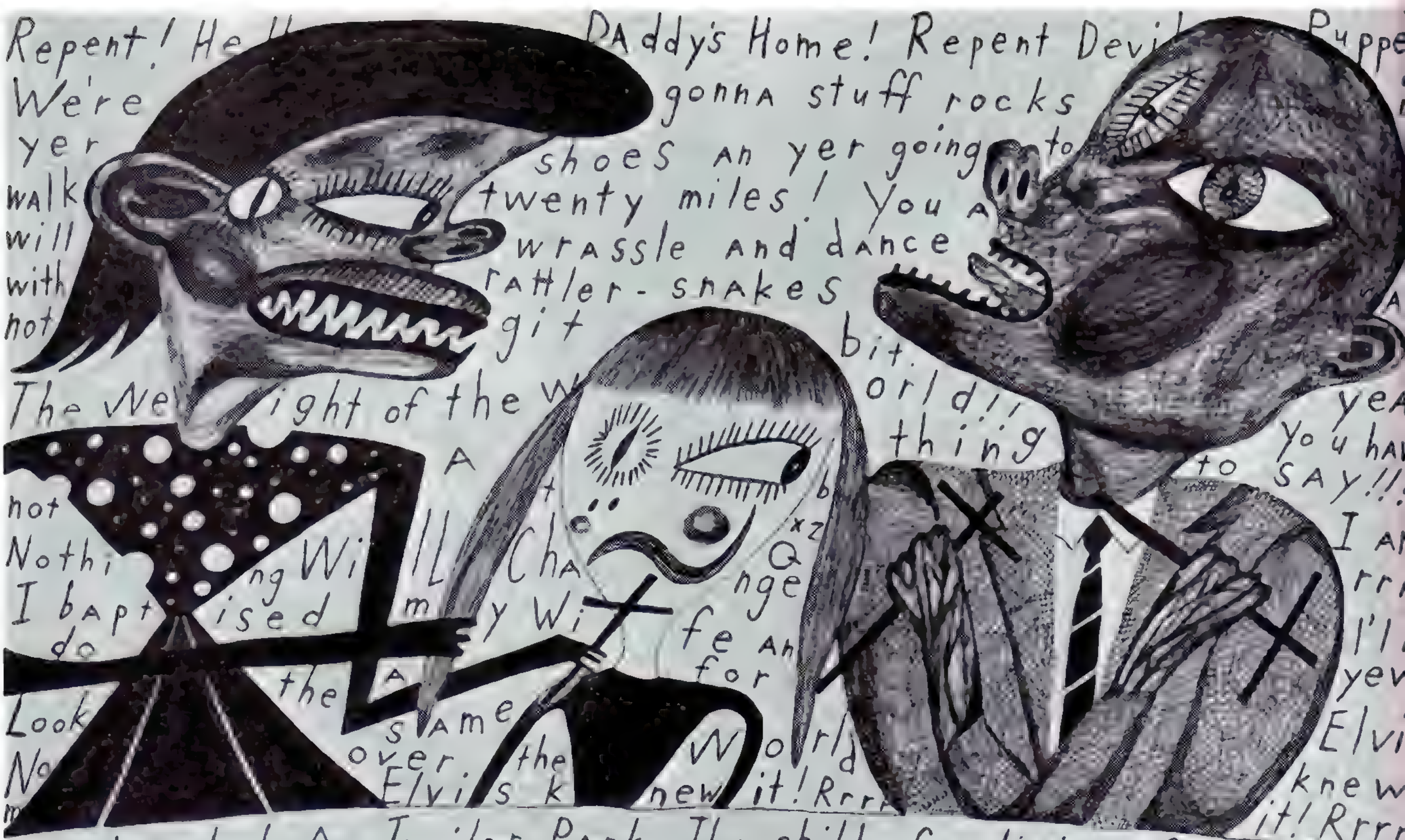


Her eyes closed in terror. An image hovered before her. A small scruffy rabbit navigating the Amazon in a kayak while a python lovingly slithers about his neck. Tongue flickering wide eyed glee.

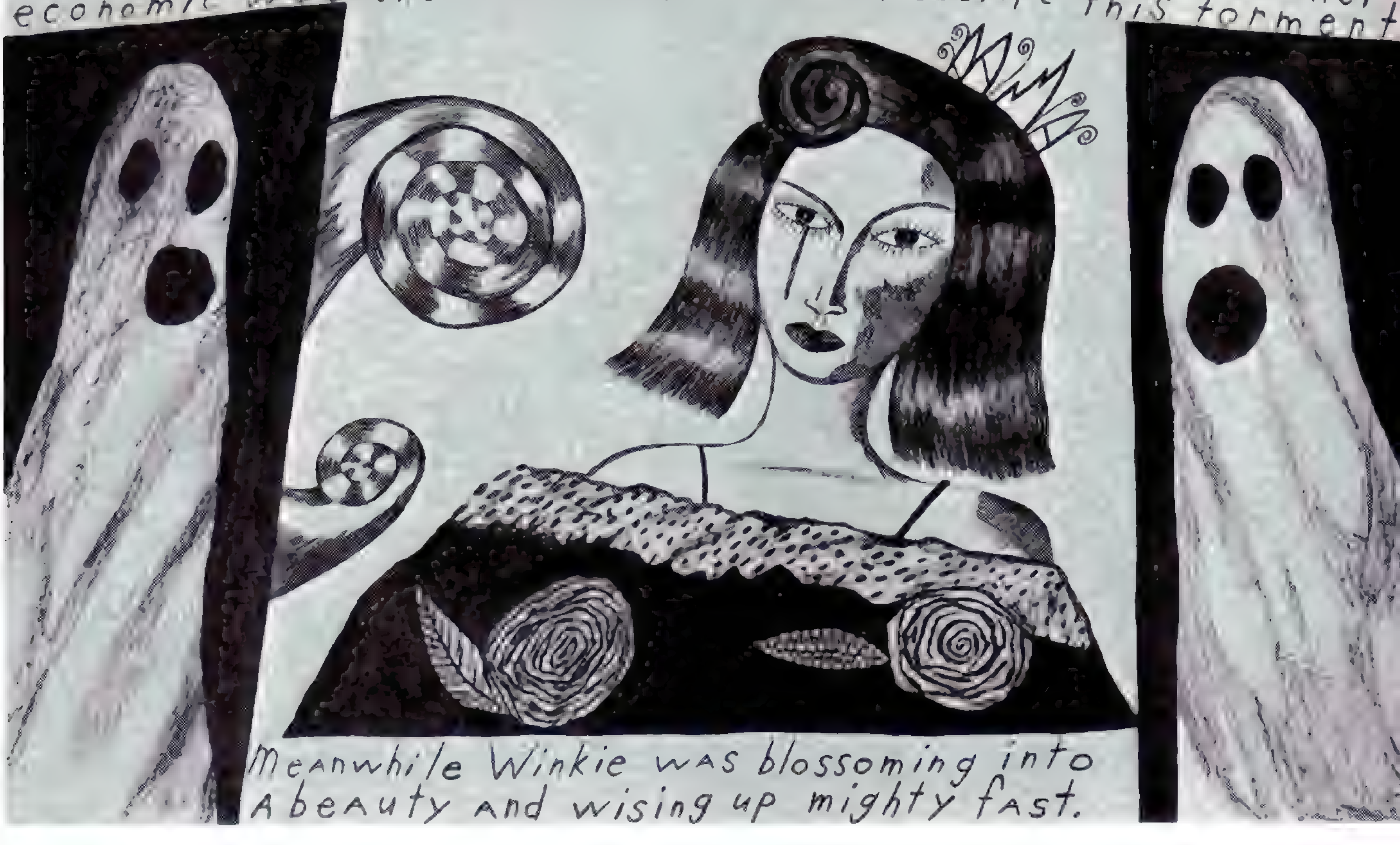

What kind of sniveling poo-butt are you girl?!!



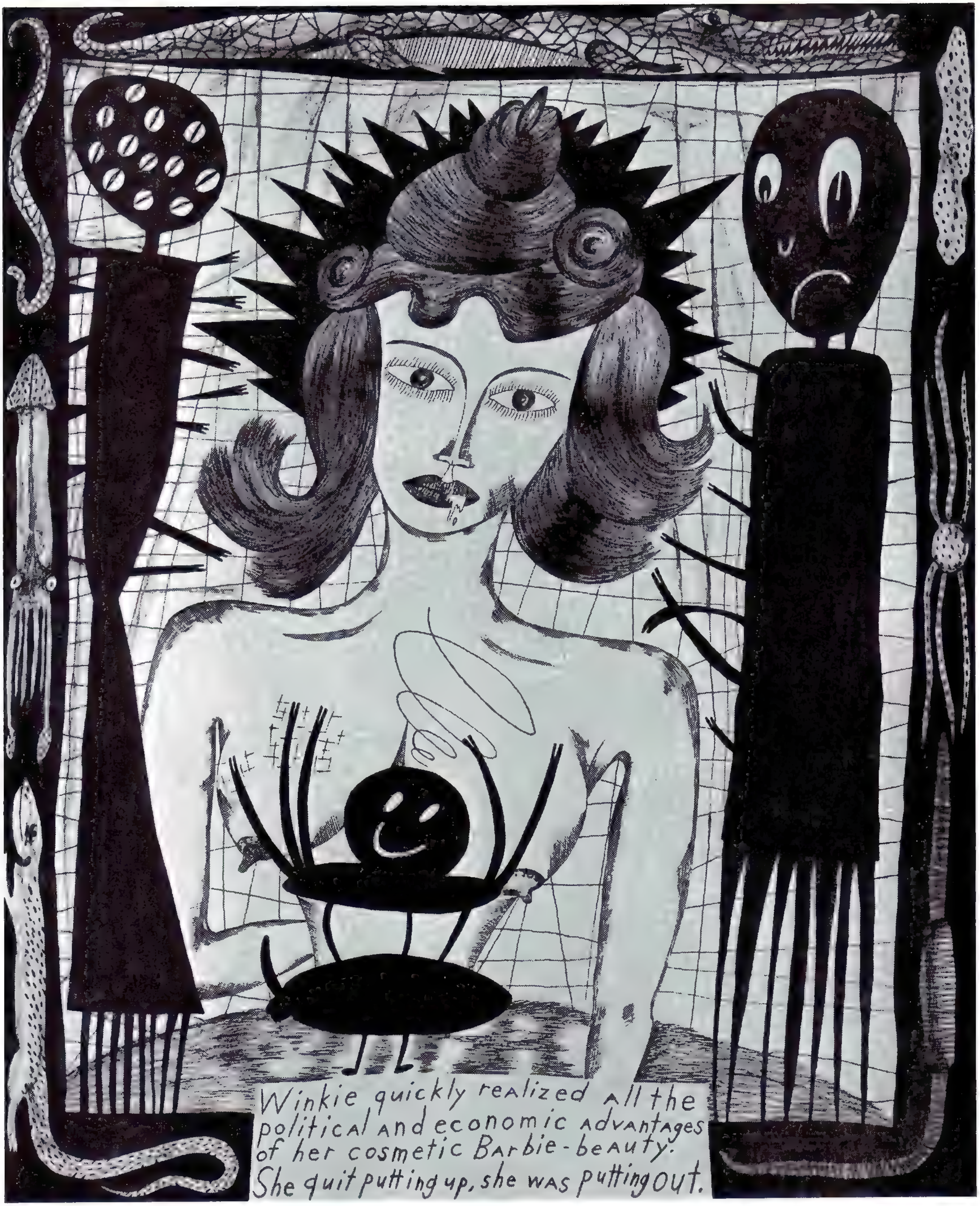
Winkies childhood was a White Trash drag. She came to realize her impotence. But not the perverse ideas it would foster.


Repent! He
DAddy's Home! Repent Devi
Puppe
We're
gonna stuff rocks
yer
shoes An yer going to
walk
twenty miles! You A
will
wrassle And dance
with
rattler-snAkes
not
git
bit
The We
ight of the w
orld!!
thing
yeA
You hAv
to SAY!!!
A
not
Nothi ng Wi ll ChA nge
I bAptised my Wife An
do
for
I A
rrr
I'l
yew
the sAme
Look
over the World
No
Elvis knew it! Rrr
Elvi
knew it! Rrrr

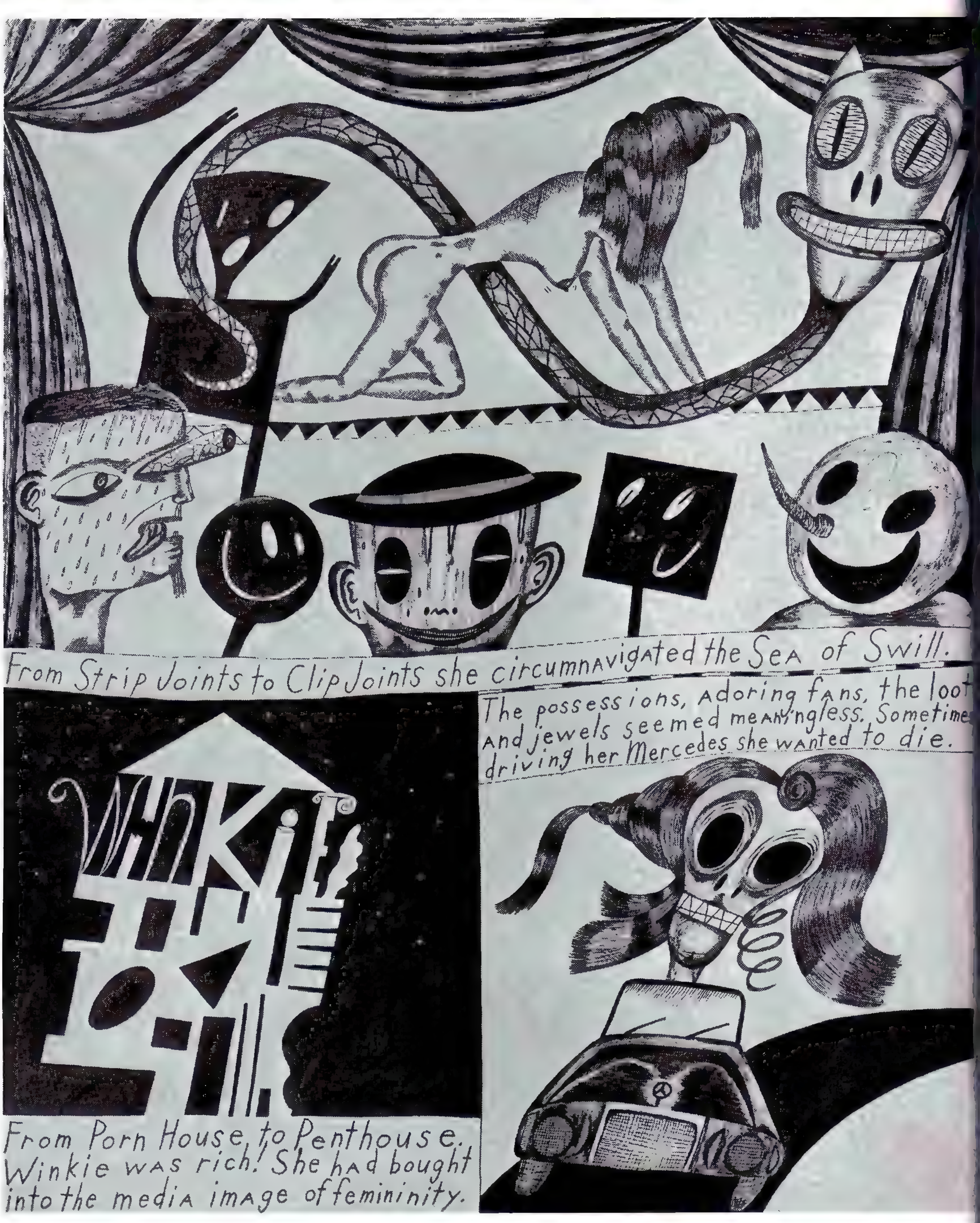
In A Lonely L.A. TrAiler PArk. The child of religious fAnAtics wh were urbAn hicks to boot! There seemed to be no exit from her economic woe. She wondered if she could escApe this torment



MeAnwhile Winkie wAs blossoming into A beAuty And wising up mighty fAst.



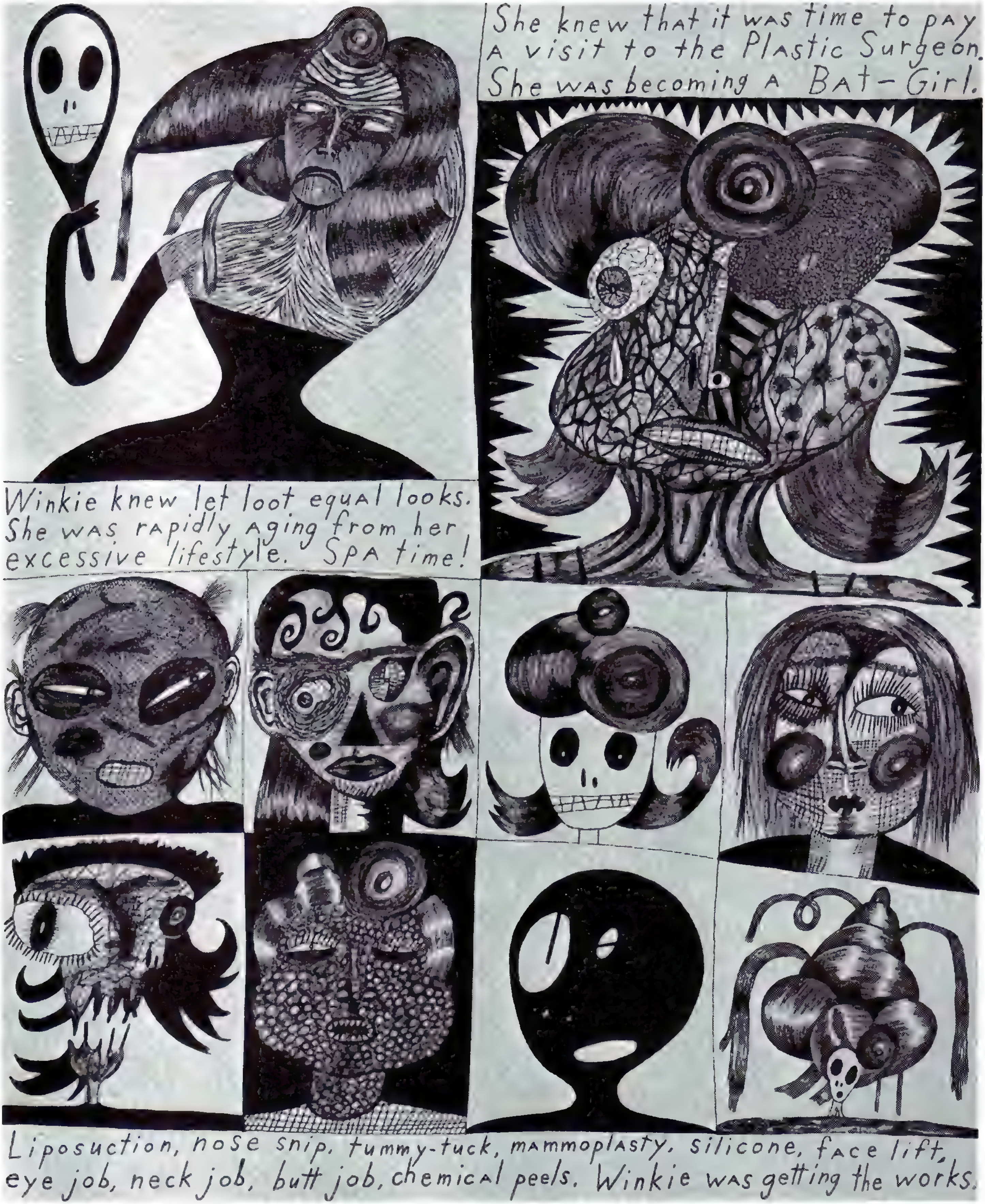
Winkie quickly realized all the political and economic advantages of her cosmetic Barbie-beauty. She quit putting up, she was putting out.



From Strip Joints to Clip Joints she circumnavigated the Sea of Swill.

From Porn House, to Penthouse. Winkie was rich! She had bought into the media image of femininity.

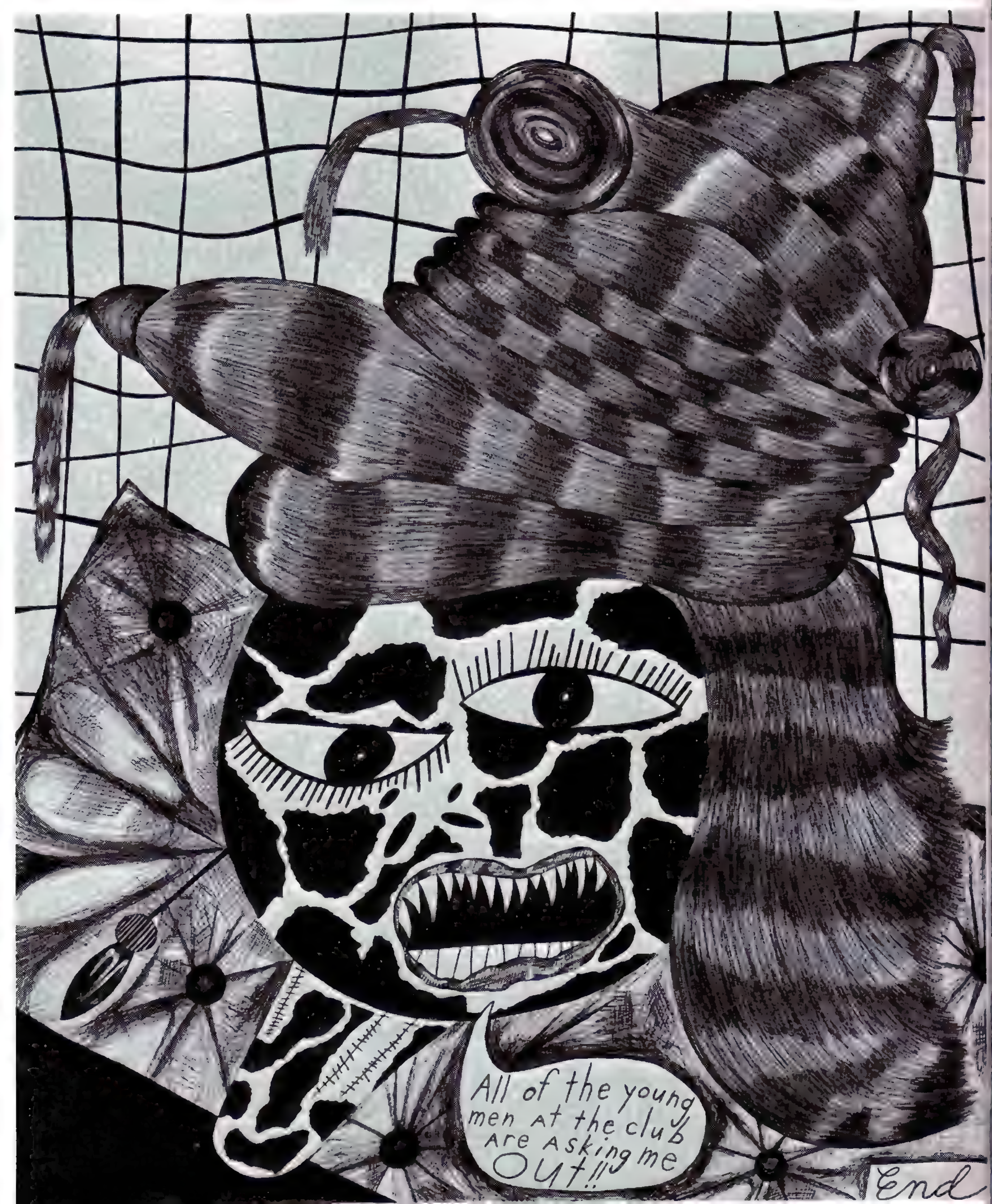
The possessions, adoring fans, the loot and jewels seemed meaningless. Sometimes driving her Mercedes she wanted to die.

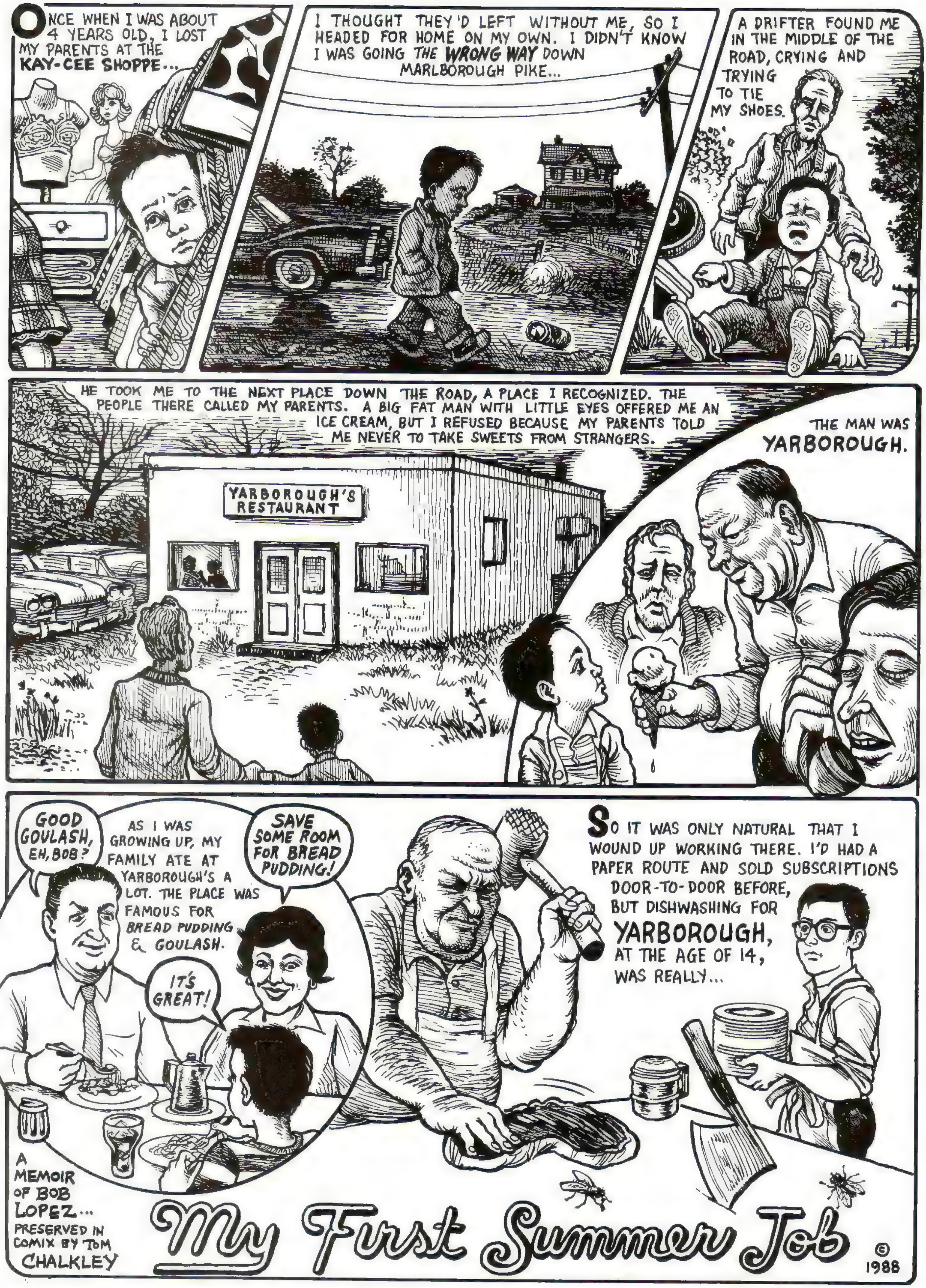


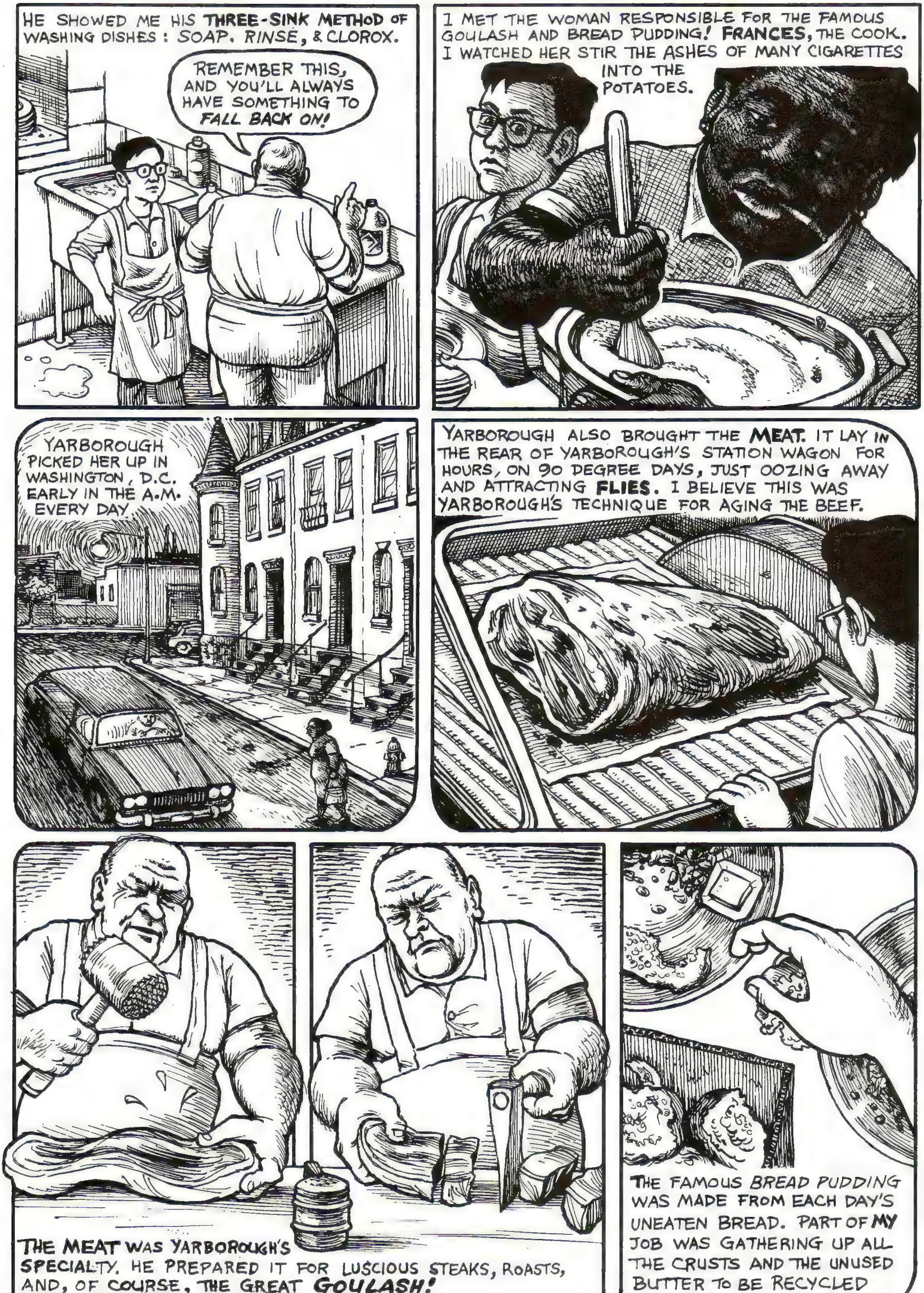
She knew that it was time to pay a visit to the Plastic Surgeon. She was becoming a Bat-Girl.

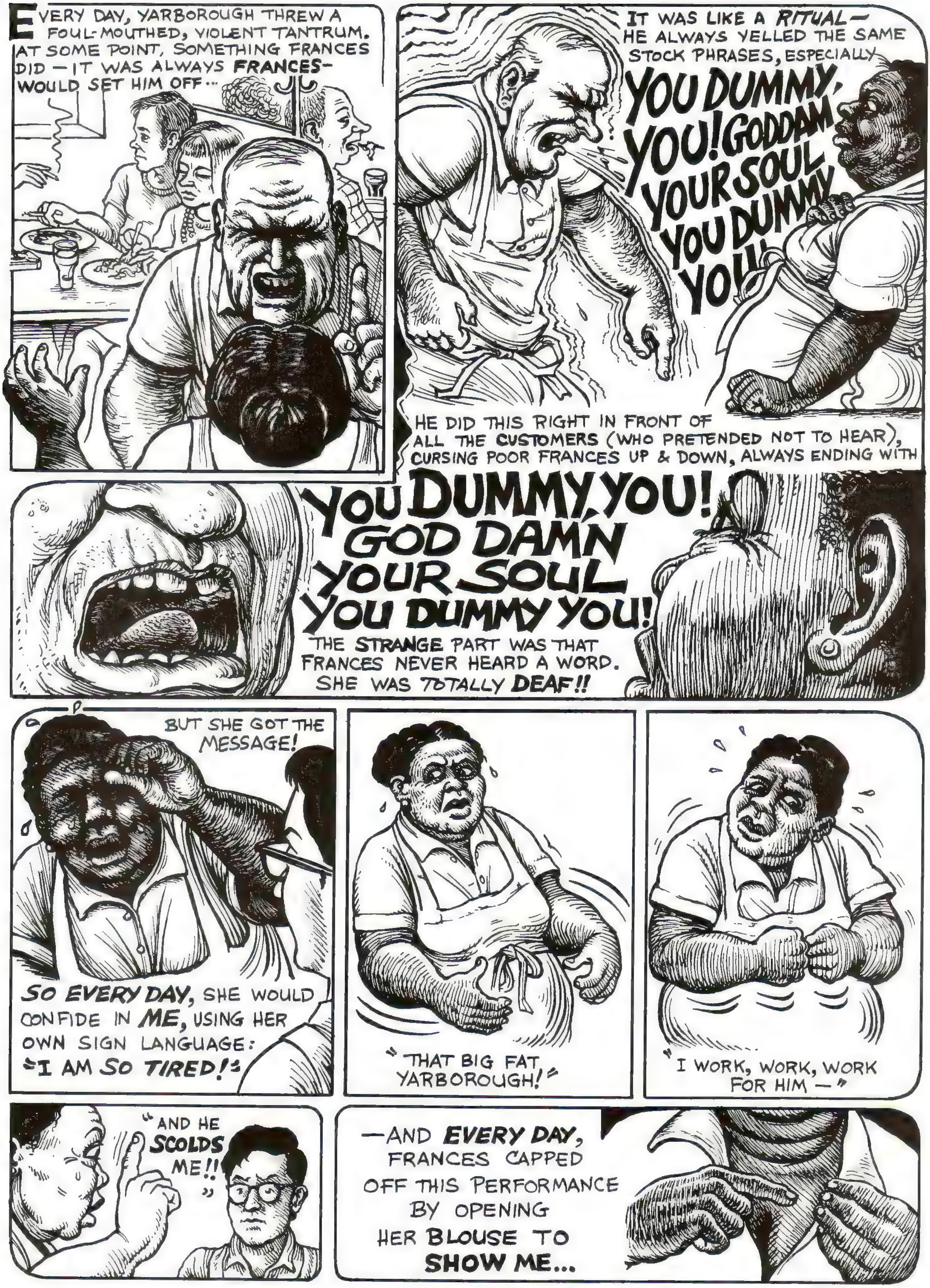
Winkie knew let loot equal looks. She was rapidly aging from her excessive lifestyle. Spa time!

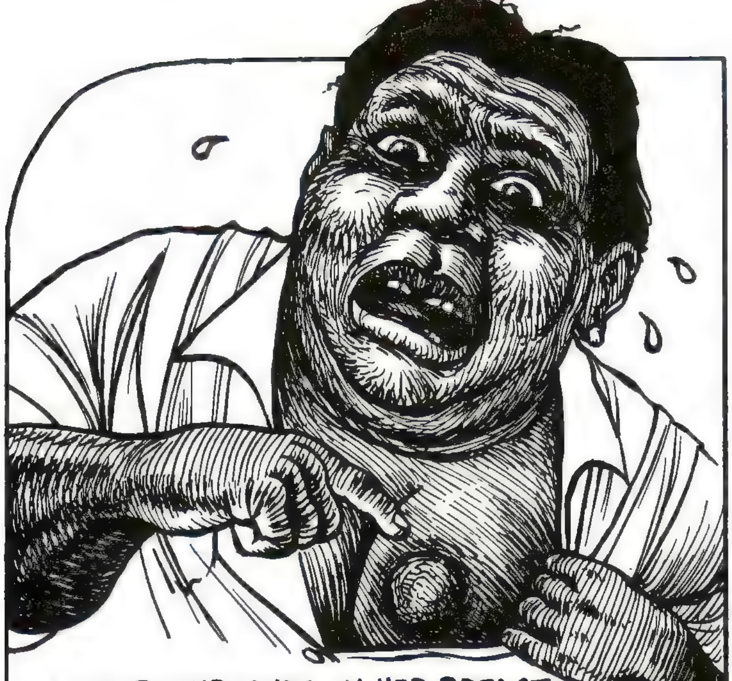
Liposuction, nose snip, tummy-tuck, mammoplasty, silicone, face lift, eye job, neck job, butt job, chemical peels. Winkie was getting the works.


All of the young men at the club Are Asking me OUT!!
End

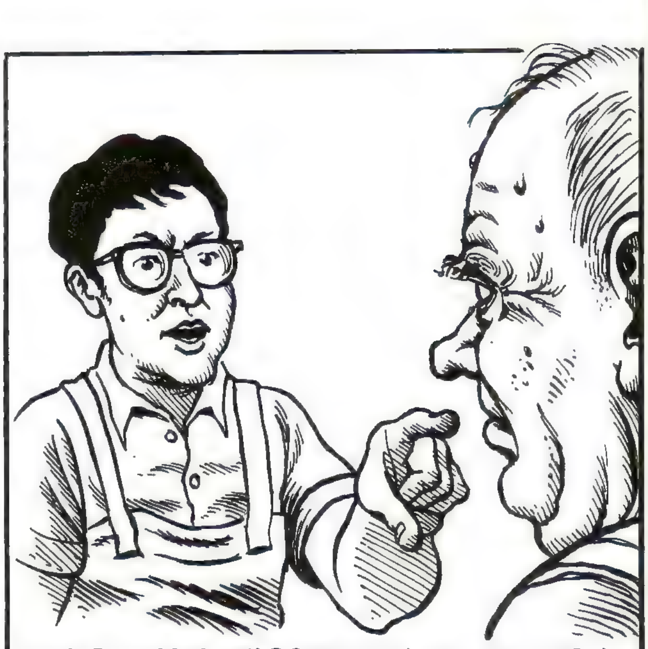

ONCE WHEN I WAS ABOUT 4 YEARS OLD, I LOST MY PARENTS AT THE KAY-CEE SHOPPE...
I THOUGHT THEY'D LEFT WITHOUT ME, SO I HEADED FOR HOME ON MY OWN. I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS GOING THE WRONG WAY DOWN MARLBOROUGH PIKE...
A DRIFTER FOUND ME IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD, CRYING AND TRYING TO TIE MY SHOES.
HE TOOK ME TO THE NEXT PLACE DOWN THE ROAD, A PLACE I RECOGNIZED. THE PEOPLE THERE CALLED MY PARENTS. A BIG FAT MAN WITH LITTLE EYES OFFERED ME AN ICE CREAM, BUT I REFUSED BECAUSE MY PARENTS TOLD ME NEVER TO TAKE SWEETS FROM STRANGERS.
YARBOROUGH'S RESTAURANT
THE MAN WAS YARBOROUGH.
GOOD GOULASH, EH, BOB?
AS I WAS GROWING UP, MY FAMILY ATE AT YARBOROUGH'S A LOT. THE PLACE WAS FAMOUS FOR BREAD PUDDING & GOULASH.
SAVE SOME ROOM FOR BREAD PUDDING!
IT'S GREAT!
SO IT WAS ONLY NATURAL THAT I WOUND UP WORKING THERE. I'D HAD A PAPER ROUTE AND SOLD SUBSCRIPTIONS DOOR-TO-DOOR BEFORE, BUT DISHWASHING FOR YARBOROUGH, AT THE AGE OF 14, WAS REALLY...
A MEMOIR OF BOB LOPEZ... PRESERVED IN COMIX BY TOM CHALKLEY
My First Summer Job
© 1988


HE SHOWED ME HIS **THREE-SINK METHOD** OF WASHING DISHES : *SOAP. RINSE*, & *CLOROX*.
REMEMBER THIS, AND YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE SOMETHING TO *FALL BACK ON!*
I MET THE WOMAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FAMOUS GOULASH AND BREAD PUDDING! **FRANCES**, THE COOK. I WATCHED HER STIR THE ASHES OF MANY CIGARETTES INTO THE POTATOES.
YARBOROUGH PICKED HER UP IN WASHINGTON, D.C. EARLY IN THE A.M. EVERY DAY.
YARBOROUGH ALSO BROUGHT THE **MEAT**. IT LAY IN THE REAR OF YARBOROUGH'S STATION WAGON FOR HOURS, ON 90 DEGREE DAYS, JUST OOZING AWAY AND ATTRACTING **FLIES**. I BELIEVE THIS WAS YARBOROUGH'S TECHNIQUE FOR AGING THE BEEF.
THE **MEAT** WAS YARBOROUGH'S **SPECIALTY**. HE PREPARED IT FOR LUSCIOUS STEAKS, ROASTS, AND, OF COURSE, THE GREAT ***GOULASH!***
THE FAMOUS *BREAD PUDDING* WAS MADE FROM EACH DAY'S UNEATEN BREAD. PART OF **MY** JOB WAS GATHERING UP ALL THE CRUSTS AND THE UNUSED BUTTER TO BE RECYCLED

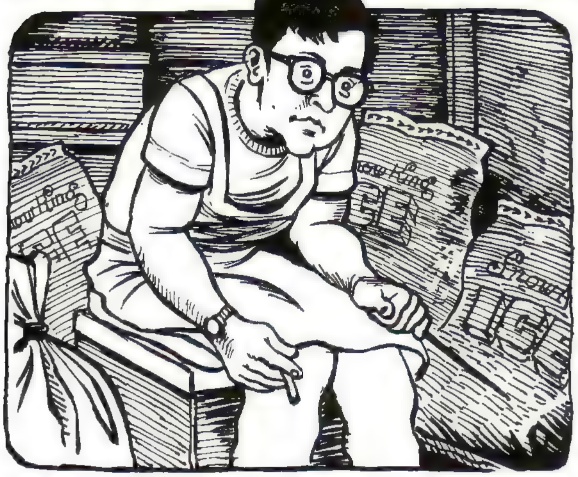

EVERY DAY, YARBOROUGH THREW A FOUL-MOUTHED, VIOLENT TANTRUM. AT SOME POINT, SOMETHING FRANCES DID — IT WAS ALWAYS FRANCES — WOULD SET HIM OFF...
IT WAS LIKE A RITUAL — HE ALWAYS YELLED THE SAME STOCK PHRASES, ESPECIALLY
YOU DUMMY, YOU! GODDAM YOUR SOUL YOU DUMMY YOU!!
HE DID THIS RIGHT IN FRONT OF ALL THE CUSTOMERS (WHO PRETENDED NOT TO HEAR), CURSING POOR FRANCES UP & DOWN, ALWAYS ENDING WITH
YOU DUMMY, YOU! GOD DAMN YOUR SOUL YOU DUMMY YOU!
THE STRANGE PART WAS THAT FRANCES NEVER HEARD A WORD. SHE WAS TOTALLY DEAF!!
BUT SHE GOT THE MESSAGE!
SO EVERY DAY, SHE WOULD CONFIDE IN ME, USING HER OWN SIGN LANGUAGE: "I AM SO TIRED!"
"THAT BIG FAT YARBOROUGH!"
"I WORK, WORK, WORK FOR HIM —"
"AND HE SCOLDS ME!!"
—AND EVERY DAY, FRANCES CAPPED OFF THIS PERFORMANCE BY OPENING HER BLOUSE TO SHOW ME...



...A BIG ROUND CYST ON HER **BREAST**— HER MUTE WAY OF PLEADING FOR SYMPATHY!

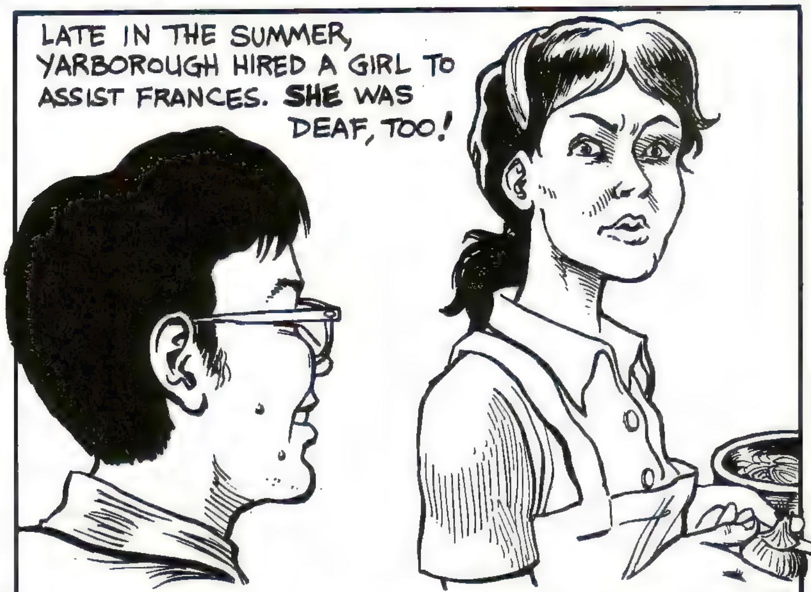


JUST ONCE, YARBOROUGH CALLED **ME** A A "SONOFABITCH." I TOLD HIM NEVER TO TALK TO ME LIKE THAT AGAIN — AND HE NEVER DID.

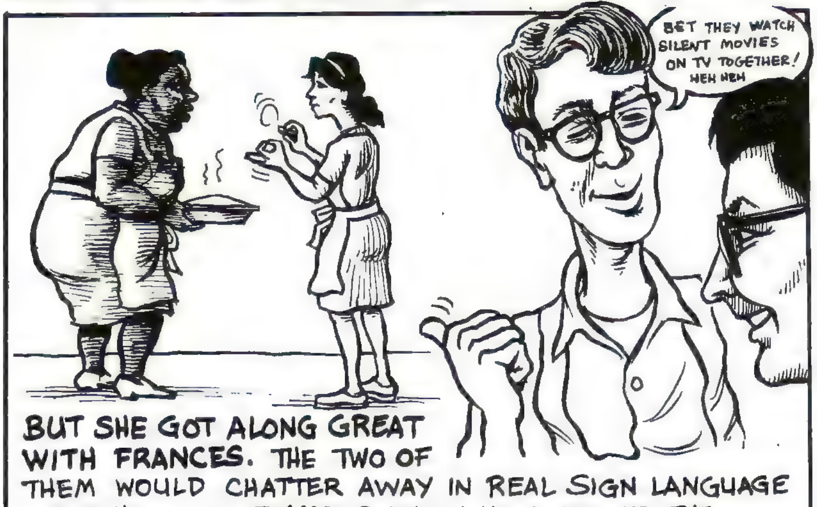


I FOUND OUT THAT I COULD HIDE OUT IN THE ICE HOUSE OUT BACK IF I TOOK THE ICE PICK ALONG TO JIMMY THE LATCH OPEN. SO THIS BECAME MY ROUTINE FOR ESCAPING THE WEIRDNESS & THE HEAT.

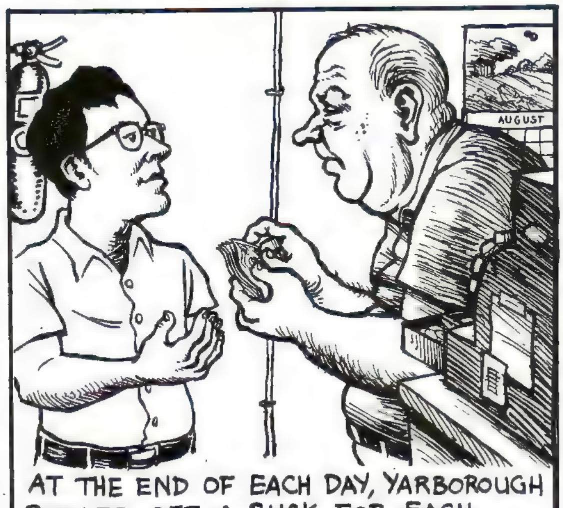
LATE IN THE SUMMER, YARBOROUGH HIRED A GIRL TO ASSIST FRANCES. **SHE** WAS DEAF, TOO!



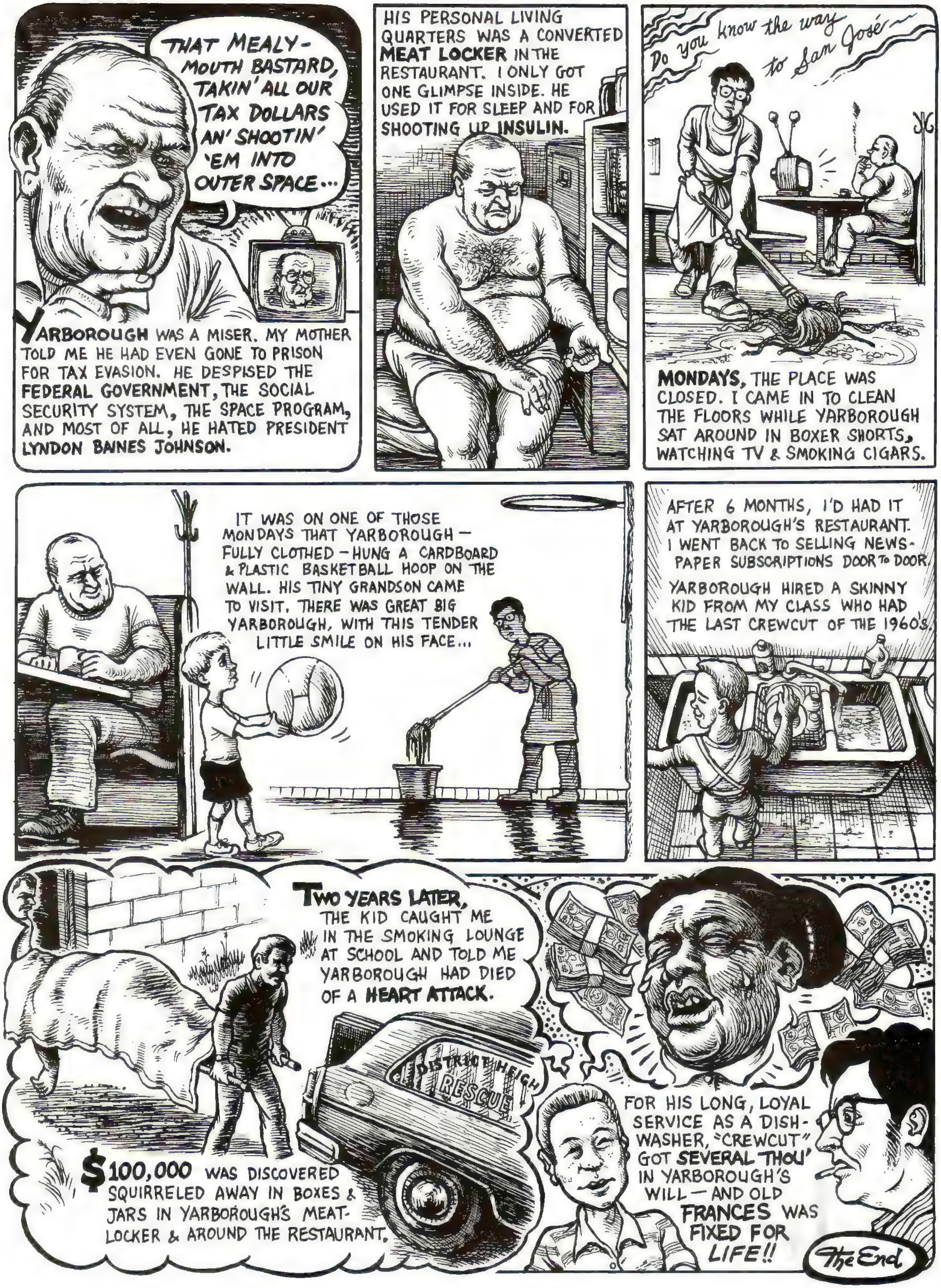
SHE WAS HOSTILE TO ME AND THE OTHER MALE HELP.

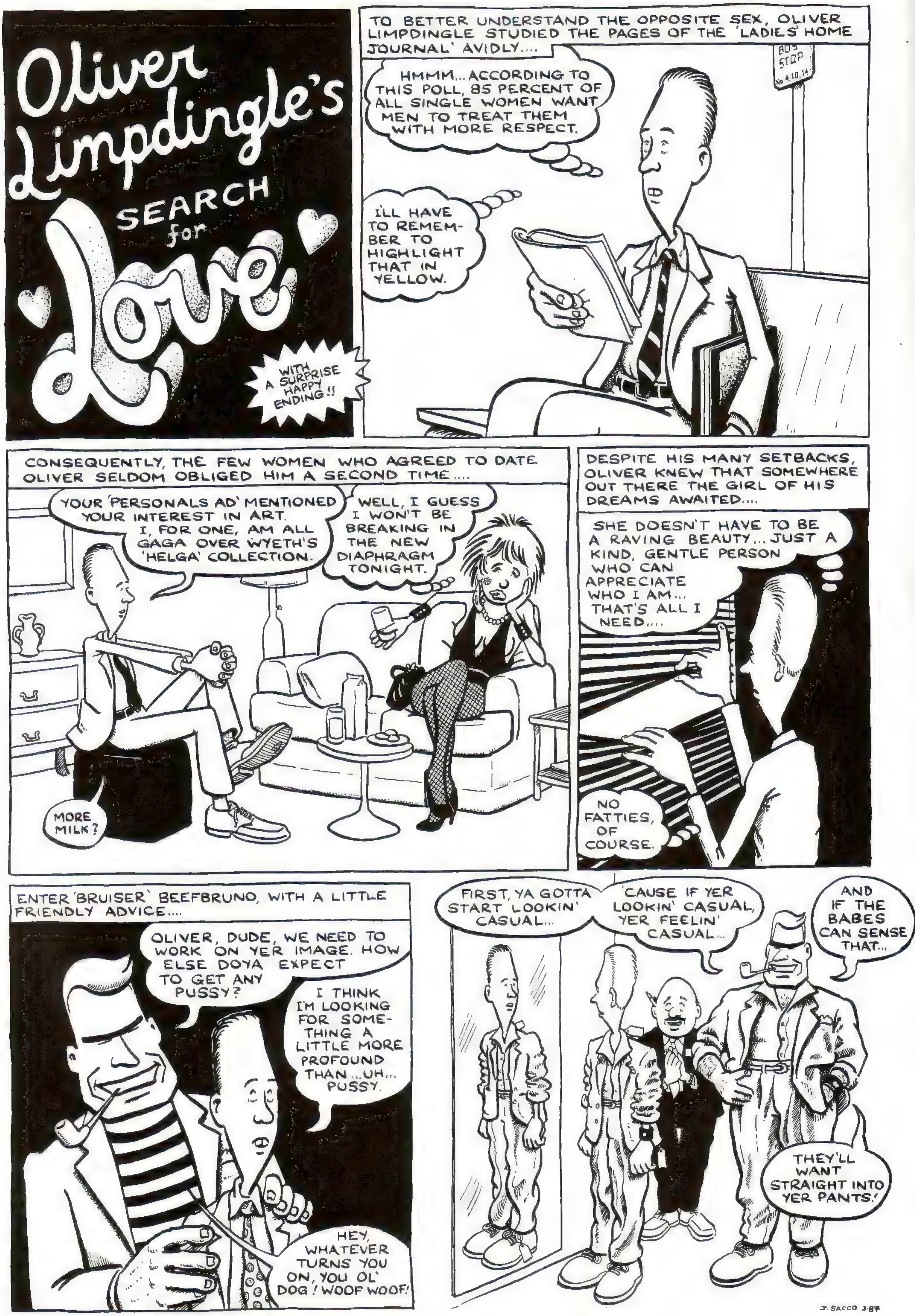

BET THEY WATCH SILENT MOVIES ON TV TOGETHER! HEH HEH

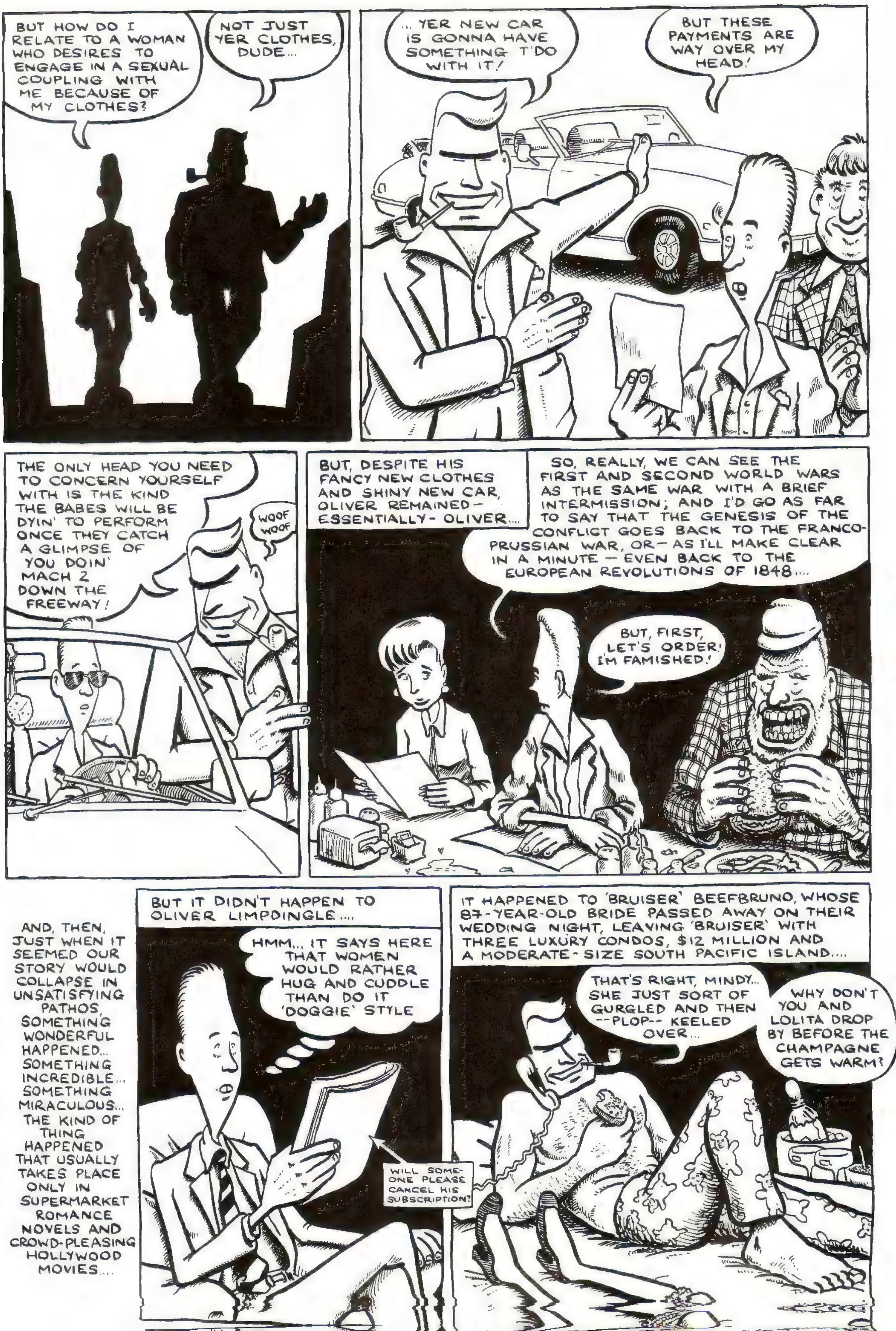
BUT SHE GOT ALONG GREAT WITH **FRANCES**. THE TWO OF THEM WOULD CHATTER AWAY IN REAL SIGN LANGUAGE I DIDN'T KNOW **FRANCES** KNEW HOW. ME AND THE OTHER NIGHT HELP CRACKED DUMB JOKES ABOUT THEM.



AT THE END OF EACH DAY, YARBOROUGH PEELED OFF A BUCK FOR EACH HOUR I'D WORKED, & PAID ME — **CASH.**

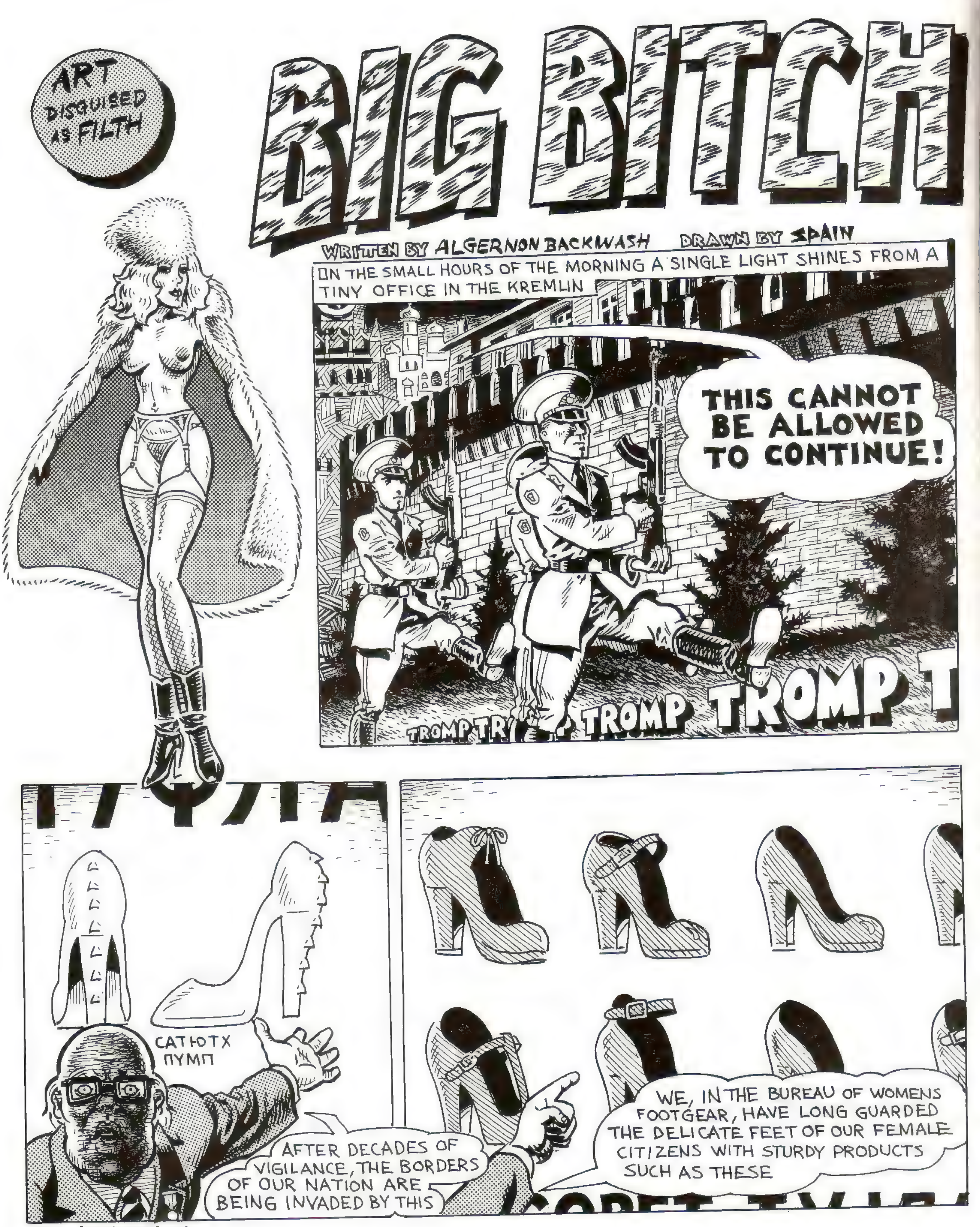

THAT MEALY-MOUTH BASTARD, TAKIN' ALL OUR TAX DOLLARS AN' SHOOTIN' 'EM INTO OUTER SPACE...
YARBOROUGH WAS A MISER. MY MOTHER TOLD ME HE HAD EVEN GONE TO PRISON FOR TAX EVASION. HE DESPISED THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT, THE SOCIAL SECURITY SYSTEM, THE SPACE PROGRAM, AND MOST OF ALL, HE HATED PRESIDENT LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON.
HIS PERSONAL LIVING QUARTERS WAS A CONVERTED MEAT LOCKER IN THE RESTAURANT. I ONLY GOT ONE GLIMPSE INSIDE. HE USED IT FOR SLEEP AND FOR SHOOTING UP INSULIN.
Do you know the way to San José—
MONDAYS, THE PLACE WAS CLOSED. I CAME IN TO CLEAN THE FLOORS WHILE YARBOROUGH SAT AROUND IN BOXER SHORTS, WATCHING TV & SMOKING CIGARS.
IT WAS ON ONE OF THOSE MONDAYS THAT YARBOROUGH—FULLY CLOTHED—HUNG A CARDBOARD & PLASTIC BASKETBALL HOOP ON THE WALL. HIS TINY GRANDSON CAME TO VISIT. THERE WAS GREAT BIG YARBOROUGH, WITH THIS TENDER LITTLE SMILE ON HIS FACE...
AFTER 6 MONTHS, I'D HAD IT AT YARBOROUGH'S RESTAURANT. I WENT BACK TO SELLING NEWSPAPER SUBSCRIPTIONS DOOR TO DOOR.
YARBOROUGH HIRED A SKINNY KID FROM MY CLASS WHO HAD THE LAST CREWCUT OF THE 1960'S.
TWO YEARS LATER, THE KID CAUGHT ME IN THE SMOKING LOUNGE AT SCHOOL AND TOLD ME YARBOROUGH HAD DIED OF A HEART ATTACK.
DISTRICT HEIGH
RESCUE
$100,000 WAS DISCOVERED SQUIRRELED AWAY IN BOXES & JARS IN YARBOROUGH'S MEAT-LOCKER & AROUND THE RESTAURANT.
FOR HIS LONG, LOYAL SERVICE AS A DISHWASHER, "CREWCUT" GOT SEVERAL THOU' IN YARBOROUGH'S WILL—AND OLD FRANCES WAS FIXED FOR LIFE!!
The End


Oliver Limpdingle's SEARCH for Love
WITH A SURPRISE HAPPY ENDING!!
TO BETTER UNDERSTAND THE OPPOSITE SEX, OLIVER LIMPDINGLE STUDIED THE PAGES OF THE 'LADIES' HOME JOURNAL' AVIDLY....
BUS STOP No 4,10,14
HMMM... ACCORDING TO THIS POLL, 85 PERCENT OF ALL SINGLE WOMEN WANT MEN TO TREAT THEM WITH MORE RESPECT.
I'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER TO HIGHLIGHT THAT IN YELLOW.
CONSEQUENTLY, THE FEW WOMEN WHO AGREED TO DATE OLIVER SELDOM OBLIGED HIM A SECOND TIME....
YOUR 'PERSONALS AD' MENTIONED YOUR INTEREST IN ART. I, FOR ONE, AM ALL GAGA OVER WYETH'S 'HELGA' COLLECTION.
WELL, I GUESS I WON'T BE BREAKING IN THE NEW DIAPHRAGM TONIGHT.
MORE MILK?
DESPITE HIS MANY SETBACKS, OLIVER KNEW THAT SOMEWHERE OUT THERE THE GIRL OF HIS DREAMS AWAITED....
SHE DOESN'T HAVE TO BE A RAVING BEAUTY... JUST A KIND, GENTLE PERSON WHO CAN APPRECIATE WHO I AM... THAT'S ALL I NEED....
NO FATTIES, OF COURSE.
ENTER 'BRUISER' BEEFBRUNO, WITH A LITTLE FRIENDLY ADVICE....
OLIVER, DUDE, WE NEED TO WORK ON YER IMAGE. HOW ELSE DOYA EXPECT TO GET ANY PUSSY?
I THINK I'M LOOKING FOR SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE PROFOUND THAN ...UH... PUSSY.
HEY, WHATEVER TURNS YOU ON, YOU OL' DOG! WOOF WOOF!
FIRST, YA GOTTA START LOOKIN' CASUAL...
'CAUSE IF YER LOOKIN' CASUAL, YER FEELIN' CASUAL...
AND IF THE BABES CAN SENSE THAT...
THEY'LL WANT STRAIGHT INTO YER PANTS!
J. SACCO 3.87

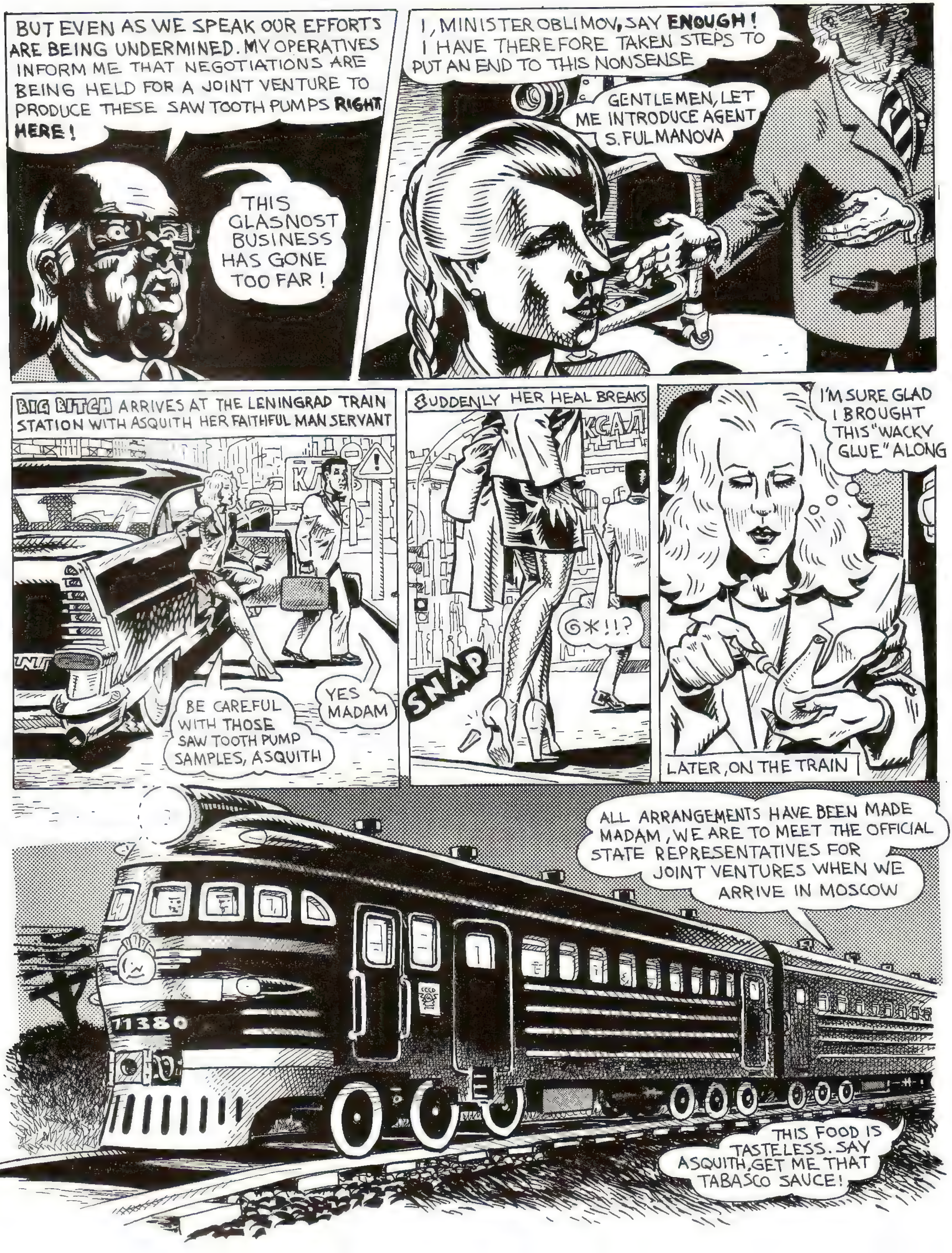

BUT HOW DO I RELATE TO A WOMAN WHO DESIRES TO ENGAGE IN A SEXUAL COUPLING WITH ME BECAUSE OF MY CLOTHES?
NOT JUST YER CLOTHES, DUDE...
... YER NEW CAR IS GONNA HAVE SOMETHING T'DO WITH IT!
BUT THESE PAYMENTS ARE WAY OVER MY HEAD!
THE ONLY HEAD YOU NEED TO CONCERN YOURSELF WITH IS THE KIND THE BABES WILL BE DYIN' TO PERFORM ONCE THEY CATCH A GLIMPSE OF YOU DOIN' MACH 2 DOWN THE FREEWAY!
WOOF WOOF
BUT, DESPITE HIS FANCY NEW CLOTHES AND SHINY NEW CAR, OLIVER REMAINED— ESSENTIALLY— OLIVER....
SO, REALLY, WE CAN SEE THE FIRST AND SECOND WORLD WARS AS THE SAME WAR WITH A BRIEF INTERMISSION; AND I'D GO AS FAR TO SAY THAT THE GENESIS OF THE CONFLICT GOES BACK TO THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR, OR— AS I'LL MAKE CLEAR IN A MINUTE — EVEN BACK TO THE EUROPEAN REVOLUTIONS OF 1848....
BUT, FIRST, LET'S ORDER! I'M FAMISHED!
AND, THEN, JUST WHEN IT SEEMED OUR STORY WOULD COLLAPSE IN UNSATISFYING PATHOS, SOMETHING WONDERFUL HAPPENED... SOMETHING INCREDIBLE... SOMETHING MIRACULOUS... THE KIND OF THING HAPPENED THAT USUALLY TAKES PLACE ONLY IN SUPERMARKET ROMANCE NOVELS AND CROWD-PLEASING HOLLYWOOD MOVIES....
BUT IT DIDN'T HAPPEN TO OLIVER LIMPDINGLE....
HMM... IT SAYS HERE THAT WOMEN WOULD RATHER HUG AND CUDDLE THAN DO IT 'DOGGIE' STYLE
WILL SOME-ONE PLEASE CANCEL HIS SUBSCRIPTION?
IT HAPPENED TO 'BRUISER' BEEFBRUNO, WHOSE 87-YEAR-OLD BRIDE PASSED AWAY ON THEIR WEDDING NIGHT, LEAVING 'BRUISER' WITH THREE LUXURY CONDOS, $12 MILLION AND A MODERATE-SIZE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND....
THAT'S RIGHT, MINDY... SHE JUST SORT OF GURGLED AND THEN --PLOP-- KEELED OVER...
WHY DON'T YOU AND LOLITA DROP BY BEFORE THE CHAMPAGNE GETS WARM?

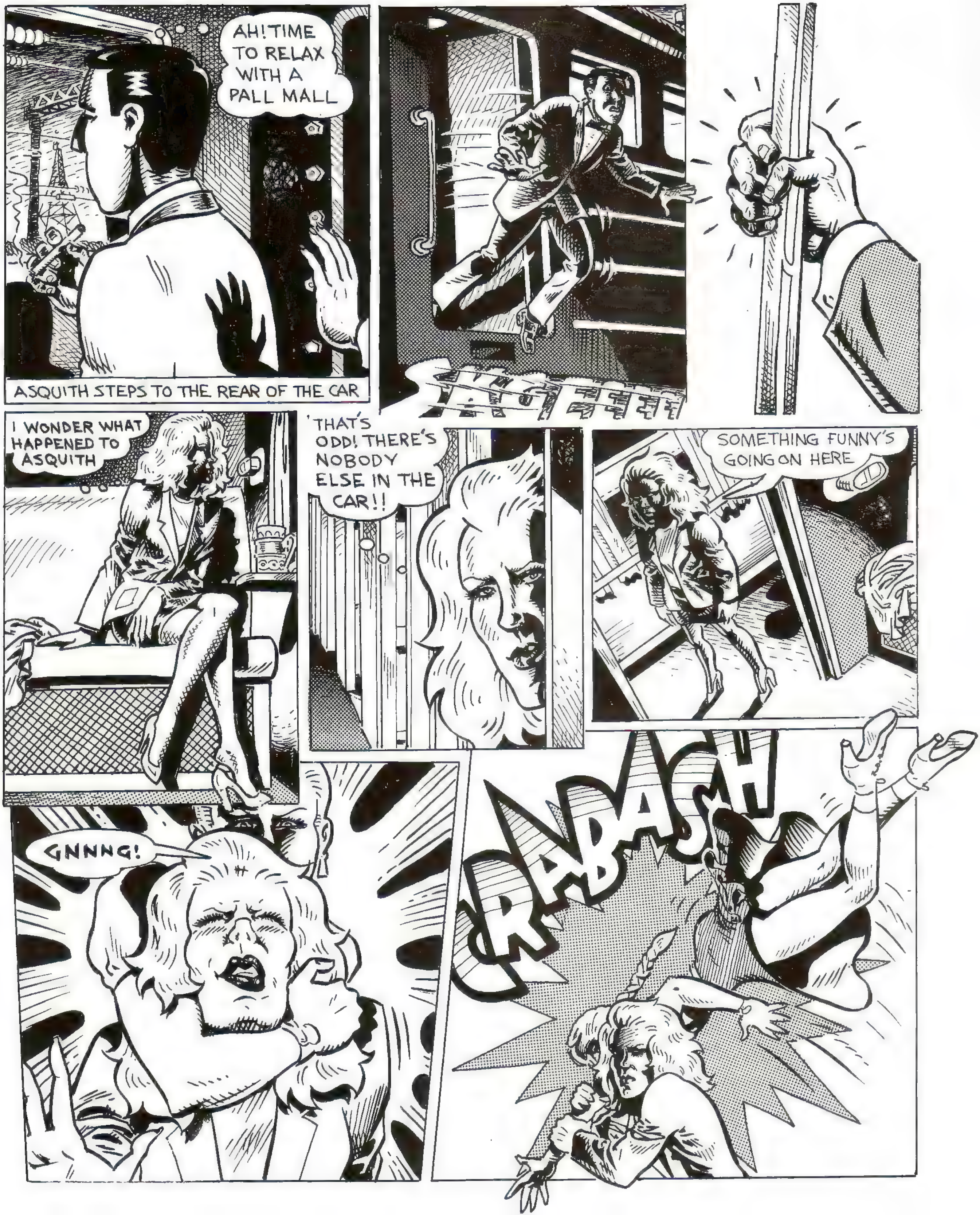
BIG BITCH

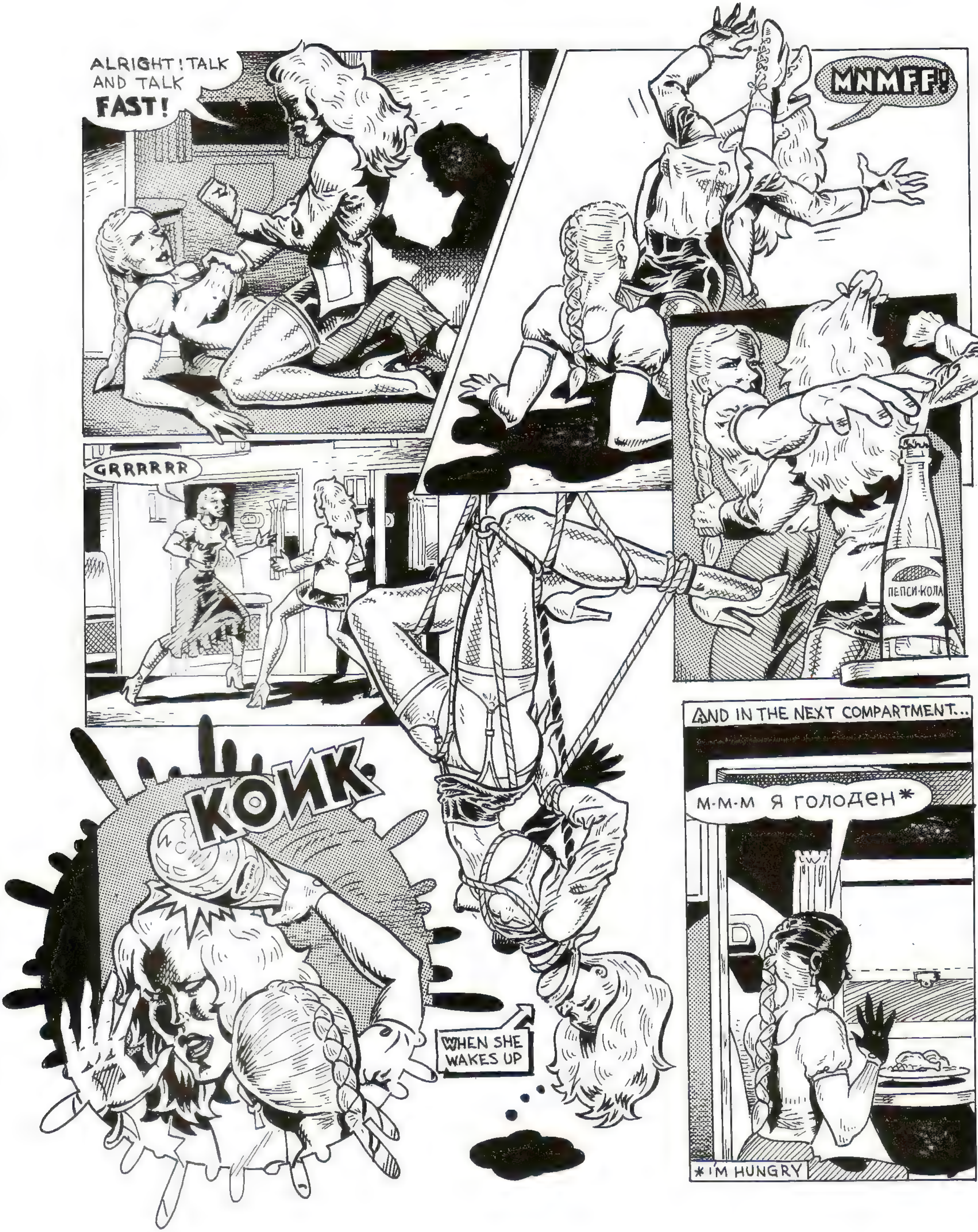
WRITTEN BY ALGERNON BACKWASH DRAWN BY SPAIN

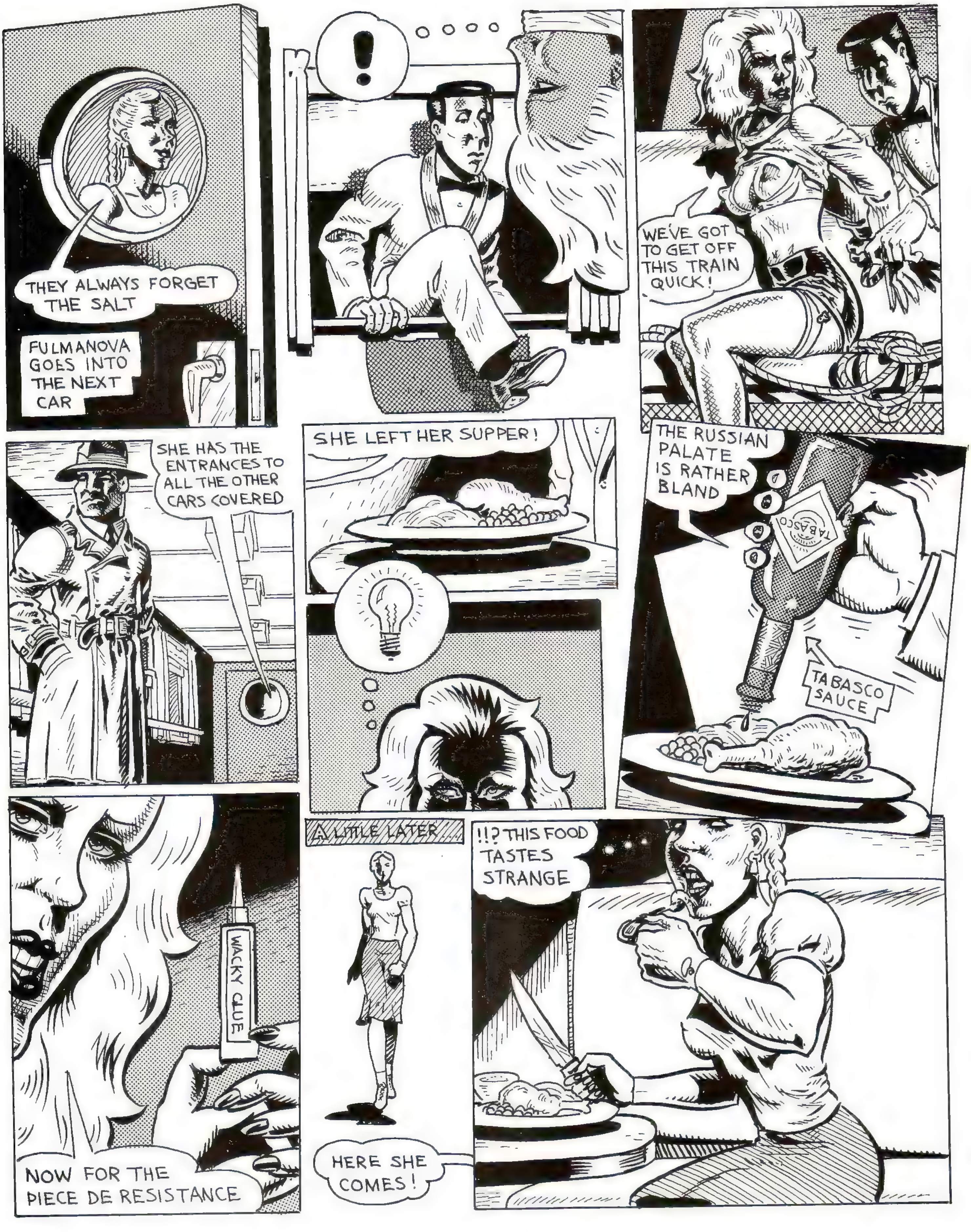

ART DISGUISED AS FILTH
ON THE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING A SINGLE LIGHT SHINES FROM A TINY OFFICE IN THE KREMLIN
THIS CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO CONTINUE!
TROMP TR
TROMP
TROMP
САТЮТХ ПУМП
AFTER DECADES OF VIGILANCE, THE BORDERS OF OUR NATION ARE BEING INVADED BY THIS
WE, IN THE BUREAU OF WOMENS FOOTGEAR, HAVE LONG GUARDED THE DELICATE FEET OF OUR FEMALE CITIZENS WITH STURDY PRODUCTS SUCH AS THESE

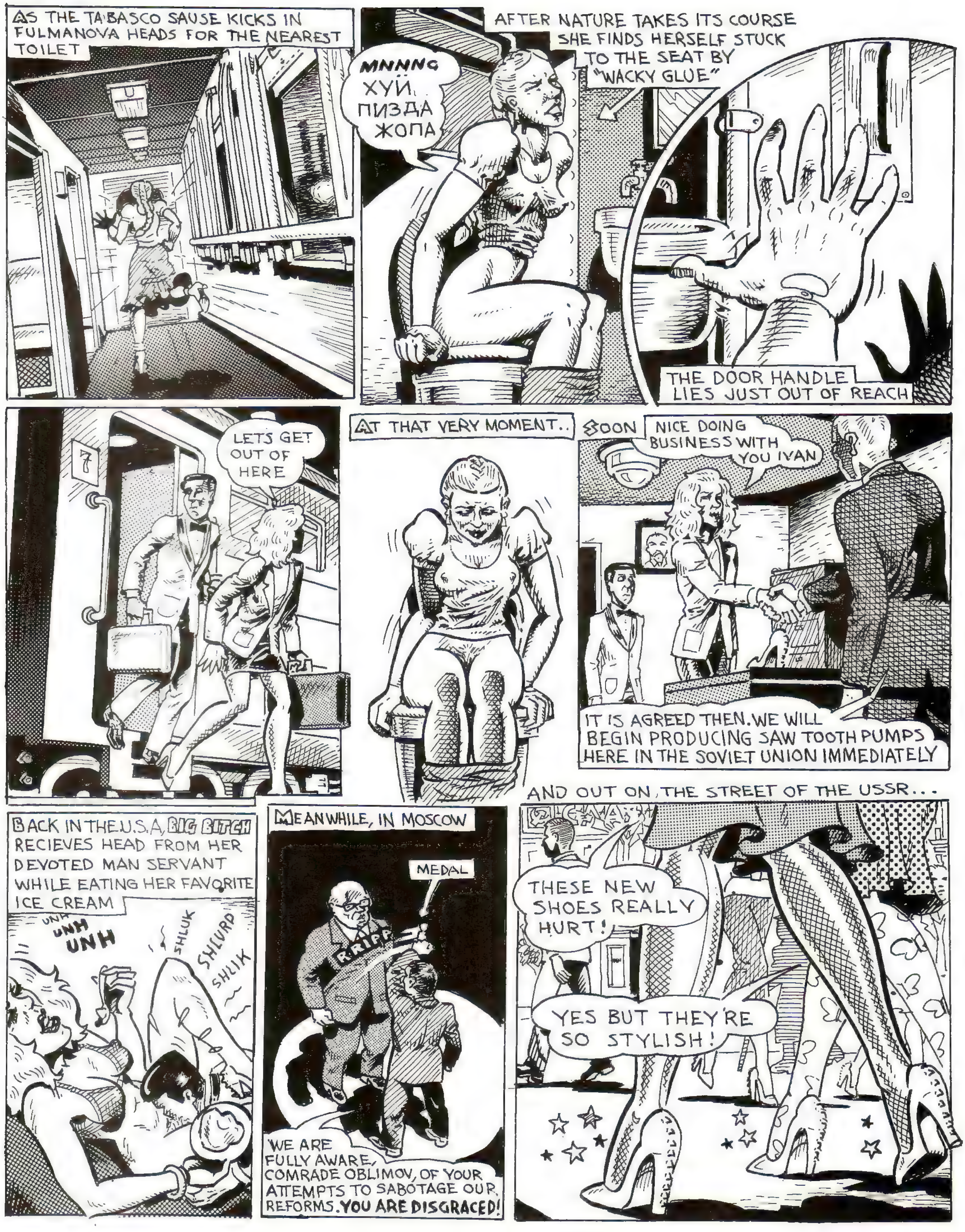
© M. RODRIGUEZ '88


BUT EVEN AS WE SPEAK OUR EFFORTS ARE BEING UNDERMINED. MY OPERATIVES INFORM ME THAT NEGOTIATIONS ARE BEING HELD FOR A JOINT VENTURE TO PRODUCE THESE SAW TOOTH PUMPS **RIGHT HERE**!
THIS GLASNOST BUSINESS HAS GONE TOO FAR!
I, MINISTER OBLIMOV, SAY **ENOUGH**! I HAVE THEREFORE TAKEN STEPS TO PUT AN END TO THIS NONSENSE
GENTLEMEN, LET ME INTRODUCE AGENT S. FULMANOVA
BIG BITCH ARRIVES AT THE LENINGRAD TRAIN STATION WITH ASQUITH HER FAITHFUL MAN SERVANT
BE CAREFUL WITH THOSE SAW TOOTH PUMP SAMPLES, ASQUITH
YES MADAM
SUDDENLY HER HEAL BREAKS
SNAP
@*!!?
I'M SURE GLAD I BROUGHT THIS "WACKY GLUE" ALONG
LATER, ON THE TRAIN
ALL ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE MADAM, WE ARE TO MEET THE OFFICIAL STATE REPRESENTATIVES FOR JOINT VENTURES WHEN WE ARRIVE IN MOSCOW
THIS FOOD IS TASTELESS. SAY ASQUITH, GET ME THAT TABASCO SAUCE!
71380


AH! TIME TO RELAX WITH A PALL MALL
ASQUITH STEPS TO THE REAR OF THE CAR
I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO ASQUITH
THAT'S ODD! THERE'S NOBODY ELSE IN THE CAR!!
SOMETHING FUNNY'S GOING ON HERE
GNNNG!
CRABASH


ALRIGHT! TALK AND TALK FAST!
MNMFF!
GRRRRRR
ПЕПСИ·КОЛА
KOИK
WHEN SHE WAKES UP
AND IN THE NEXT COMPARTMENT...
м-м-м я голоден*
*I'M HUNGRY


THEY ALWAYS FORGET THE SALT
FULMANOVA GOES INTO THE NEXT CAR
!
WE'VE GOT TO GET OFF THIS TRAIN QUICK!
SHE HAS THE ENTRANCES TO ALL THE OTHER CARS COVERED
SHE LEFT HER SUPPER!
THE RUSSIAN PALATE IS RATHER BLAND
TABASCO
TABASCO SAUCE
WACKY GLUE
NOW FOR THE PIECE DE RESISTANCE
A LITTLE LATER
HERE SHE COMES!
!!? THIS FOOD TASTES STRANGE


AS THE TABASCO SAUSE KICKS IN FULMANOVA HEADS FOR THE NEAREST TOILET
AFTER NATURE TAKES ITS COURSE SHE FINDS HERSELF STUCK TO THE SEAT BY "WACKY GLUE"
MNNNG ХУЙ ПИЗДА ЖОПА
THE DOOR HANDLE LIES JUST OUT OF REACH
7
LETS GET OUT OF HERE
AT THAT VERY MOMENT..
SOON
NICE DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU IVAN
IT IS AGREED THEN. WE WILL BEGIN PRODUCING SAW TOOTH PUMPS HERE IN THE SOVIET UNION IMMEDIATELY
AND OUT ON THE STREET OF THE USSR...
BACK IN THE U.S.A, BIG BITCH RECIEVES HEAD FROM HER DEVOTED MAN SERVANT WHILE EATING HER FAVORITE ICE CREAM
UNH UNH UNH
SHLUK SHLURP SHLIK
MEANWHILE, IN MOSCOW
MEDAL
RRIPP
WE ARE FULLY AWARE, COMRADE OBLIMOV, OF YOUR ATTEMPTS TO SABOTAGE OUR REFORMS. YOU ARE DISGRACED!
THESE NEW SHOES REALLY HURT!
YES BUT THEY'RE SO STYLISH!

MOVING GRAPHICS N°25 TM

FEATURING *The Adventures of*

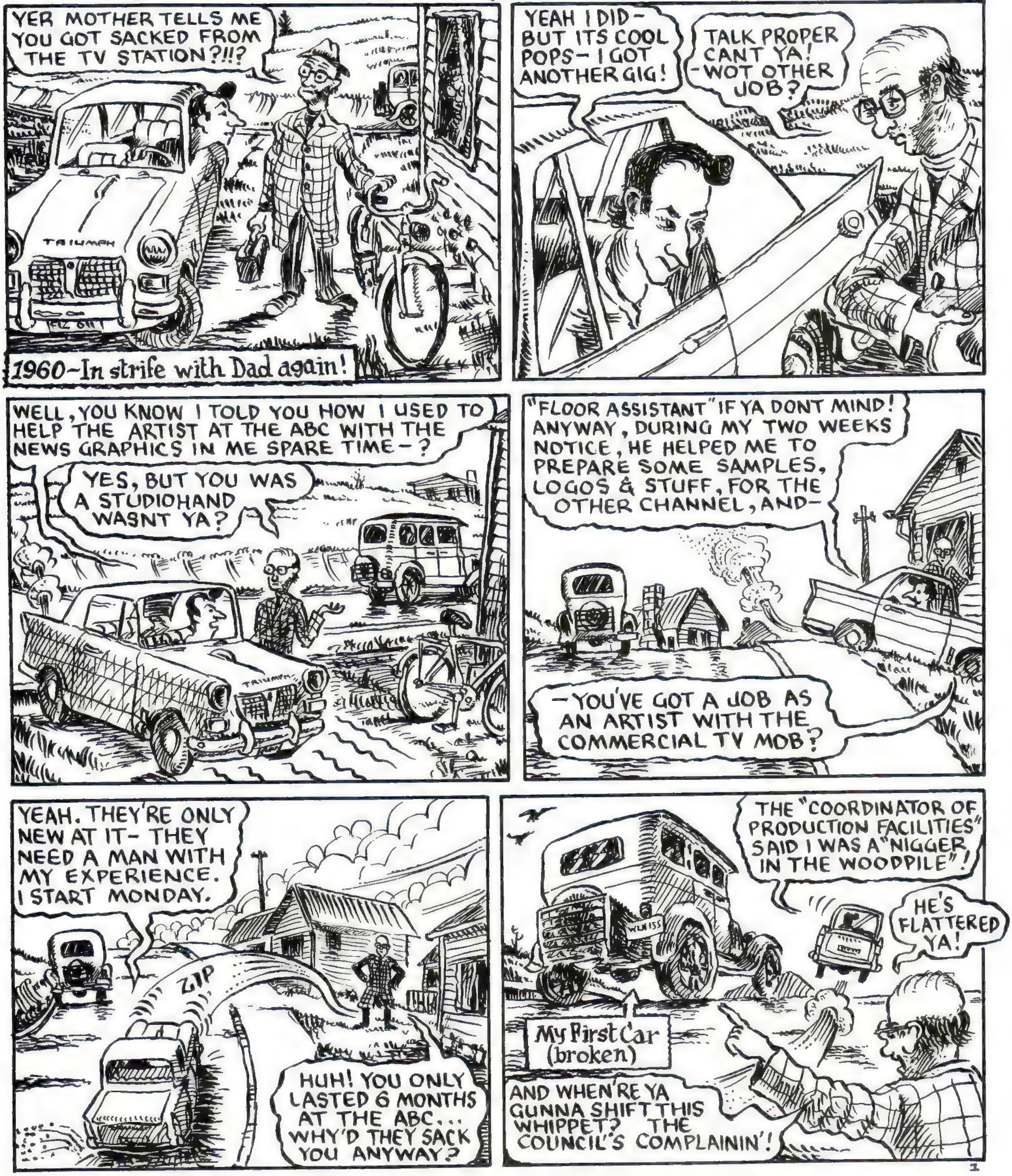
"GREGORY GREMLIN"

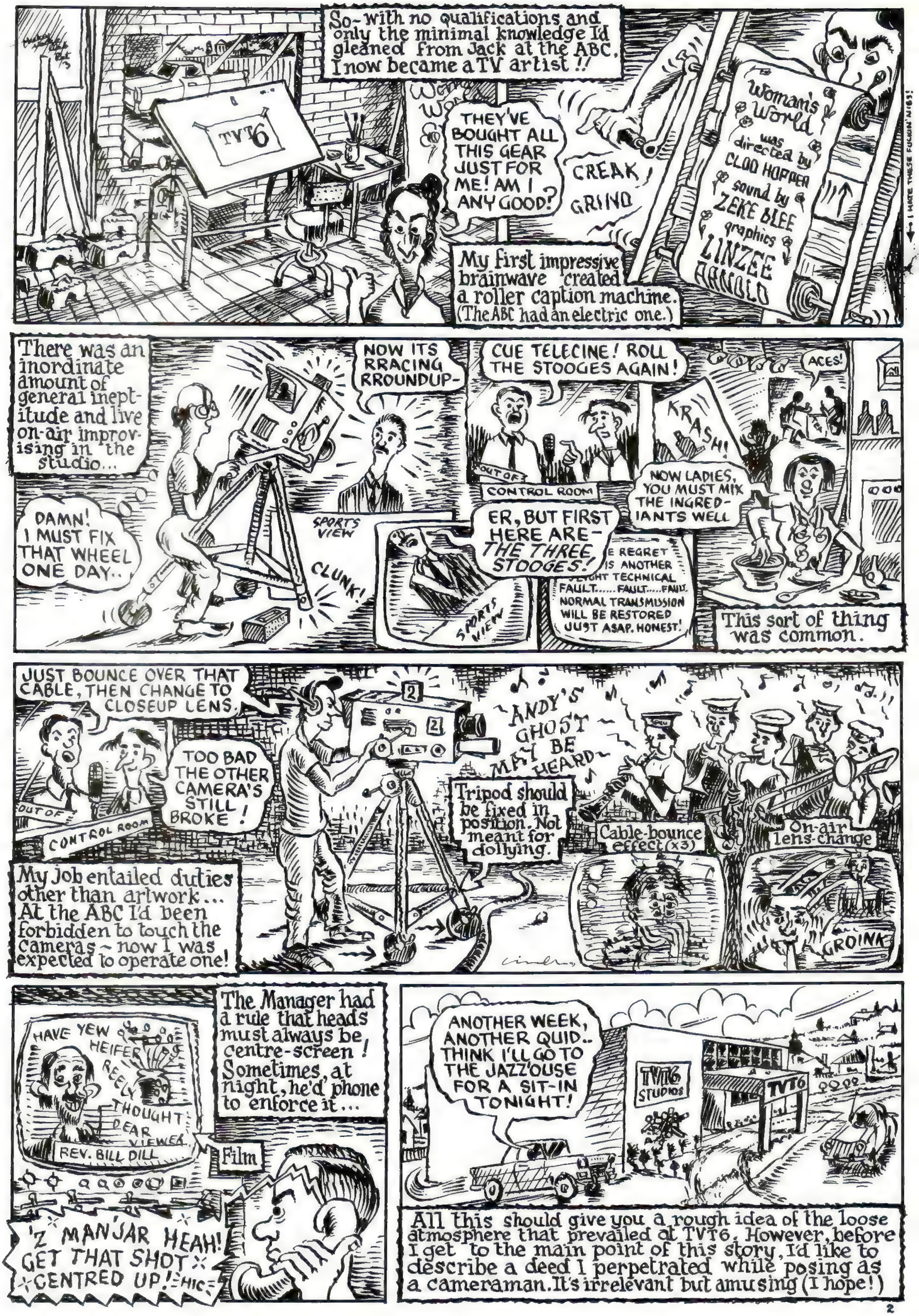
(And incorporating ~ "My Third Car")

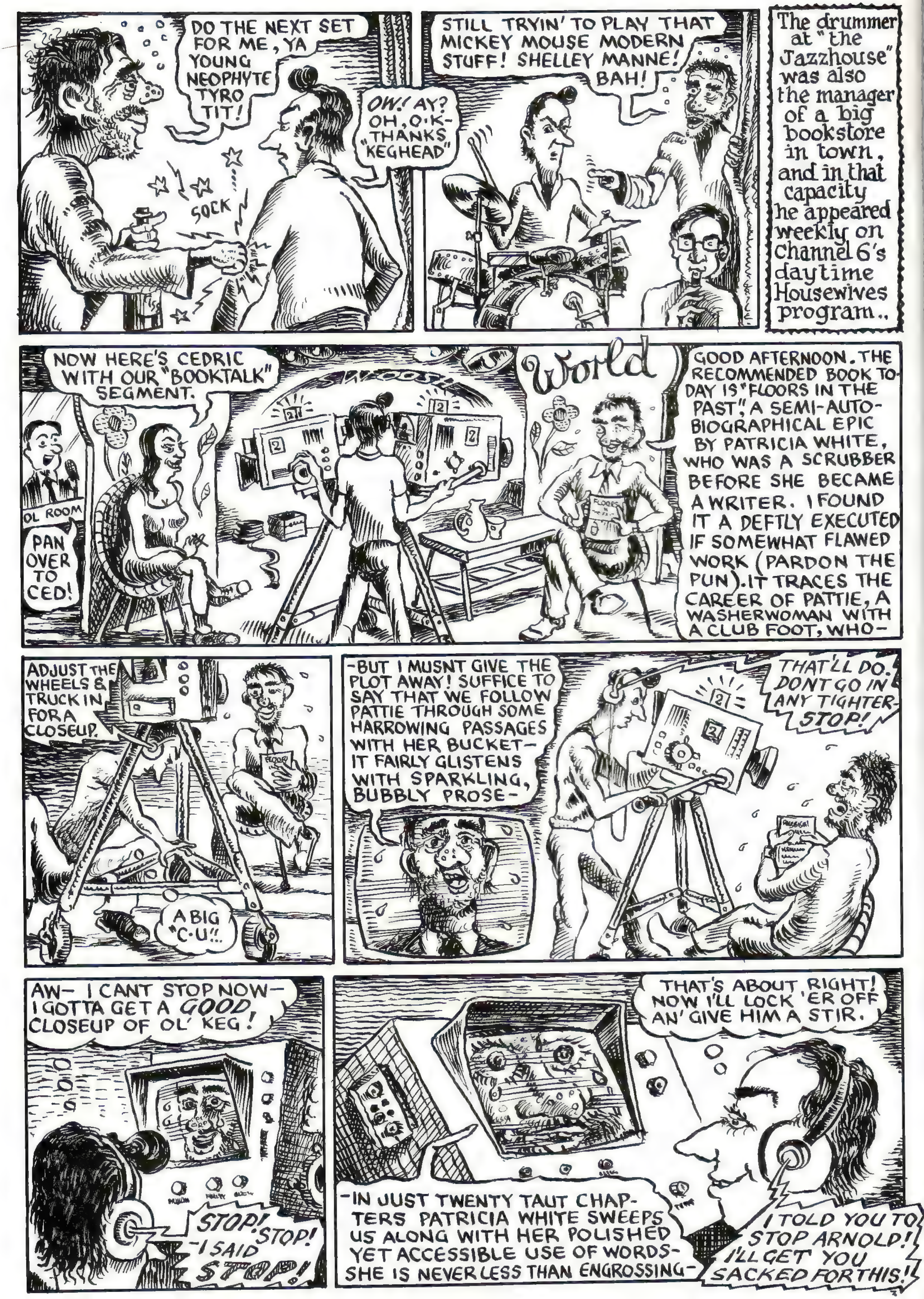
WRITTEN, DIRECTED, & PRODUCED by ELLE

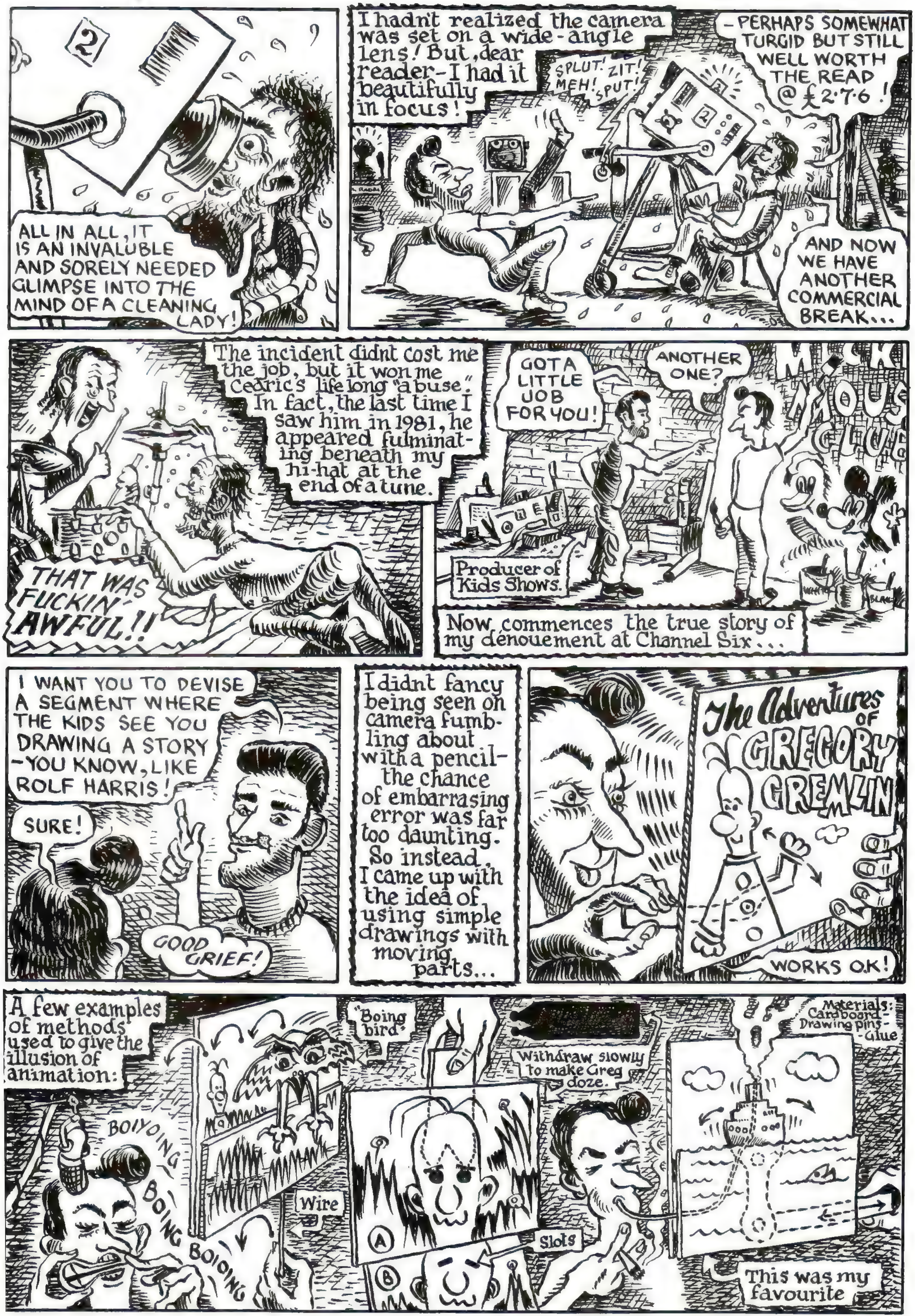
FROM THE CAPTAINS BOOK "Let the Sackings Commence"

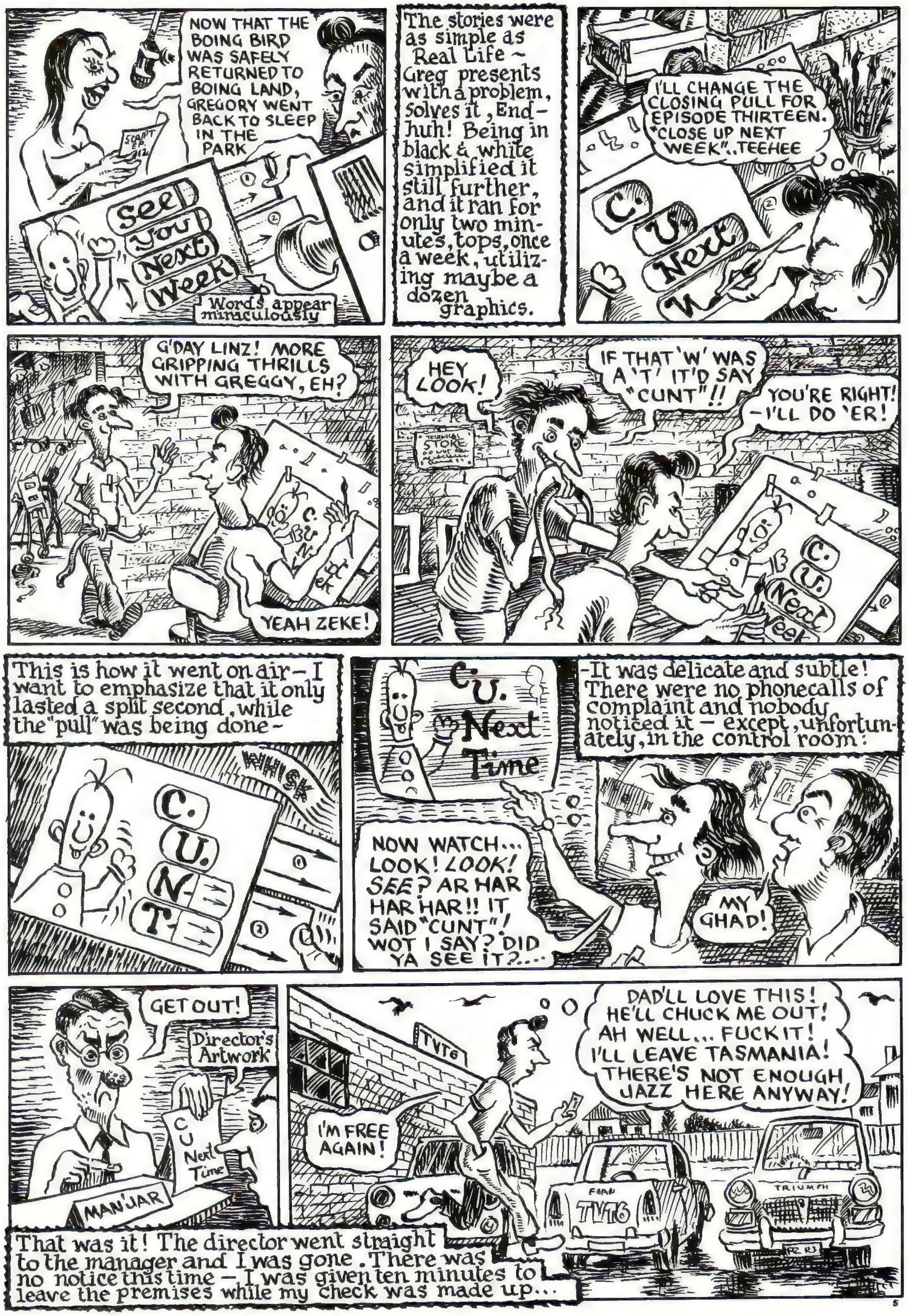
©APRIL 1988

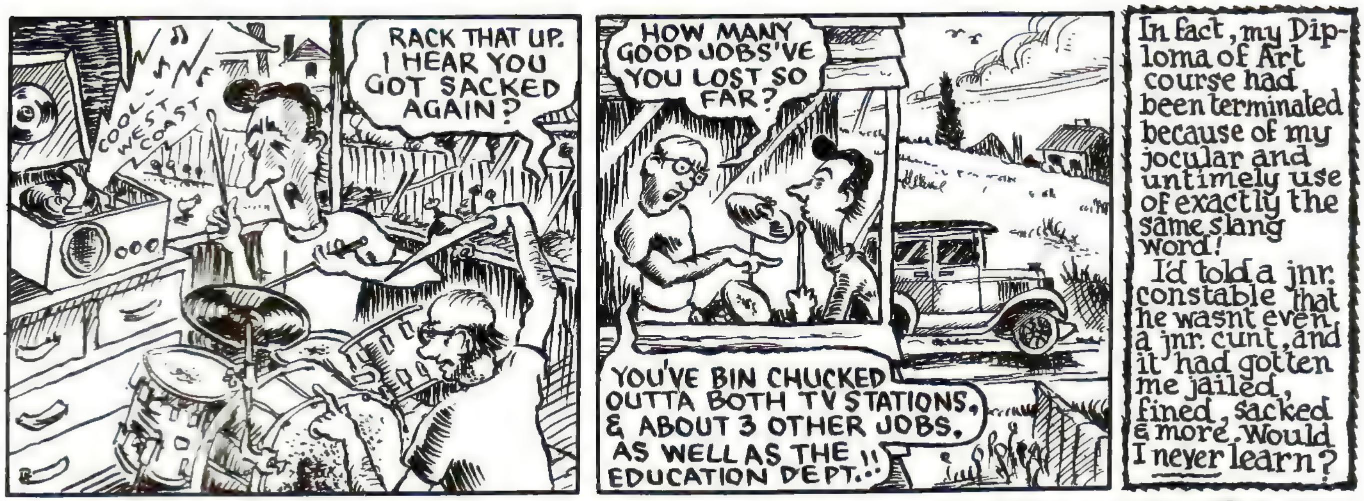

YER MOTHER TELLS ME YOU GOT SACKED FROM THE TV STATION?!!?
TRIUMPH
1960–In strife with Dad again!
YEAH I DID– BUT ITS COOL POPS– I GOT ANOTHER GIG!
TALK PROPER CANT YA! –WOT OTHER JOB?
WELL, YOU KNOW I TOLD YOU HOW I USED TO HELP THE ARTIST AT THE ABC WITH THE NEWS GRAPHICS IN ME SPARE TIME–?
YES, BUT YOU WAS A STUDIOHAND WASNT YA?
TRIUMPH
"FLOOR ASSISTANT" IF YA DONT MIND! ANYWAY, DURING MY TWO WEEKS NOTICE, HE HELPED ME TO PREPARE SOME SAMPLES, LOGOS & STUFF, FOR THE OTHER CHANNEL, AND–
–YOU'VE GOT A JOB AS AN ARTIST WITH THE COMMERCIAL TV MOB?
YEAH. THEY'RE ONLY NEW AT IT– THEY NEED A MAN WITH MY EXPERIENCE. I START MONDAY.
ZIP
HUH! YOU ONLY LASTED 6 MONTHS AT THE ABC... WHY'D THEY SACK YOU ANYWAY?
THE "COORDINATOR OF PRODUCTION FACILITIES" SAID I WAS A "NIGGER IN THE WOODPILE"!
HE'S FLATTERED YA!
My First Car (broken)
AND WHEN'RE YA GUNNA SHIFT THIS WHIPPET? THE COUNCIL'S COMPLAININ'!

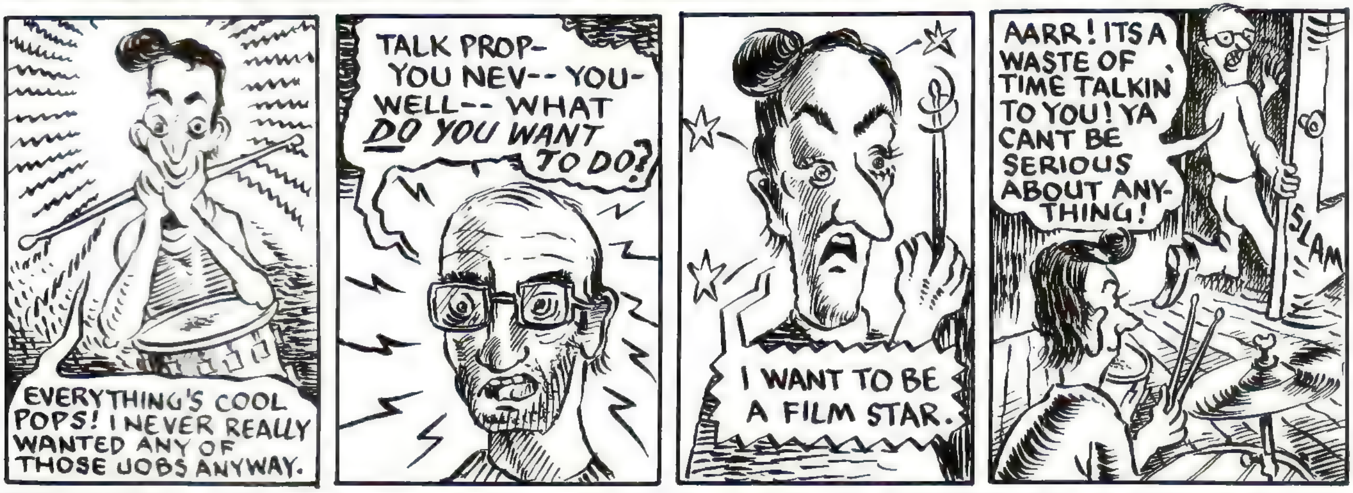

So-with no qualifications and only the minimal knowledge I'd gleaned from Jack at the ABC, I now became a TV artist !!
TVT6
THEY'VE BOUGHT ALL THIS GEAR JUST FOR ME! AM I ANY GOOD?
CREAK!
GRIND
Woman's World was directed by CLOD HOPPER sound by ZEKE BLEE graphics LINZEE ARNOLD
My first impressive brainwave created a roller caption machine. (The ABC had an electric one.)
← I HATE THESE FUCKIN' NIBS!
There was an inordinate amount of general ineptitude and live on-air improvising in the studio...
DAMN! I MUST FIX THAT WHEEL ONE DAY..
NOW ITS RRACING RROUNDUP-
SPORTS VIEW
CLUNK!
CUE TELECINE! ROLL THE STOOGES AGAIN!
OUT OF CONTROL ROOM
ER, BUT FIRST HERE ARE- THE THREE STOOGES!
SPORTS VIEW
E REGRET IS ANOTHER GHT TECHNICAL FAULT......FAULT.....FAULT. NORMAL TRANSMISSION WILL BE RESTORED JUST ASAP. HONEST!
ACES!
KRASH!
NOW LADIES, YOU MUST MIX THE INGREDIANTS WELL
This sort of thing was common.
JUST BOUNCE OVER THAT CABLE, THEN CHANGE TO CLOSEUP LENS.
TOO BAD THE OTHER CAMERA'S STILL BROKE!
OUT OF CONTROL ROOM
2
2
ANDY'S GHOST MAY BE HEARD
Tripod should be fixed in position. Not meant for dollying.
Cable-bounce effect (x3)
On-air lens-change
GROINK
My Job entailed duties other than artwork... At the ABC I'd been forbidden to touch the cameras ~ now I was expected to operate one!
HAVE YEW HEIFER REELY THOUGHT DEAR VIEWER
REV. BILL DILL
Film
The Manager had a rule that heads must always be centre-screen! Sometimes, at night, he'd phone to enforce it...
'Z MANJAR HEAH! GET THAT SHOT CENTRED UP! HIC
ANOTHER WEEK, ANOTHER QUID.. THINK I'LL GO TO THE JAZZ'OUSE FOR A SIT-IN TONIGHT!
TVT6 STUDIOS
TVT6
All this should give you a rough idea of the loose atmosphere that prevailed at TVT6. However, before I get to the main point of this story, I'd like to describe a deed I perpetrated while posing as a cameraman. It's irrelevant but amusing (I hope!)

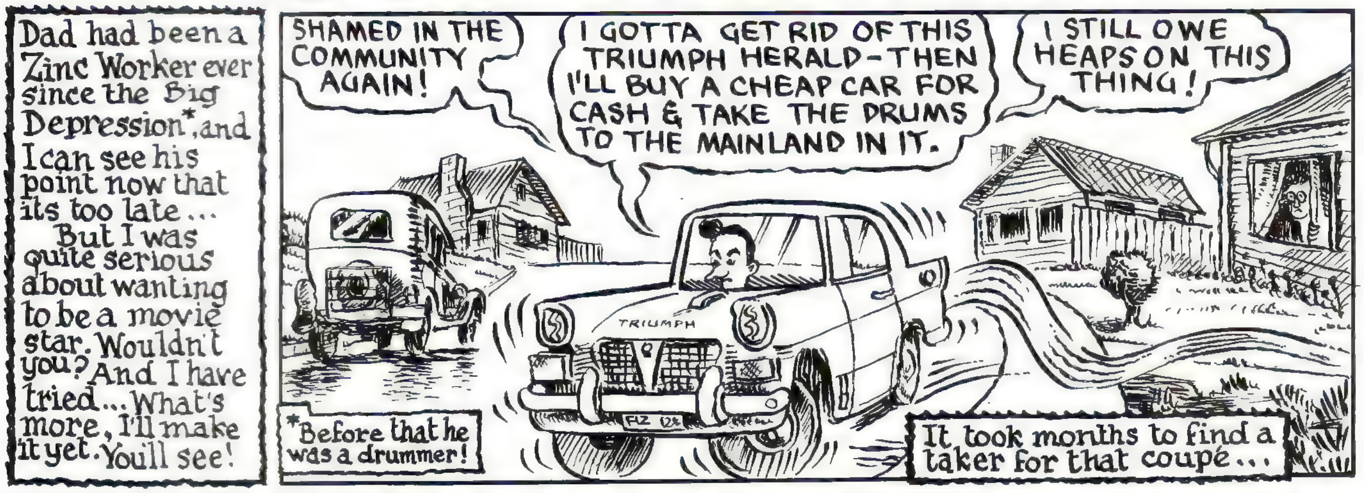

DO THE NEXT SET FOR ME, YA YOUNG NEOPHYTE TYRO TIT!
OW! AY? OH, O.K. THANKS "KEGHEAD"
SOCK
STILL TRYIN' TO PLAY THAT MICKEY MOUSE MODERN STUFF! SHELLEY MANNE! BAH!
The drummer at "the Jazzhouse" was also the manager of a big bookstore in town, and in that capacity he appeared weekly on channel 6's daytime Housewives program..
NOW HERE'S CEDRIC WITH OUR "BOOKTALK" SEGMENT.
World
OL ROOM
PAN OVER TO CED!
FLOORS
GOOD AFTERNOON. THE RECOMMENDED BOOK TODAY IS "FLOORS IN THE PAST", A SEMI-AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL EPIC BY PATRICIA WHITE, WHO WAS A SCRUBBER BEFORE SHE BECAME A WRITER. I FOUND IT A DEFTLY EXECUTED IF SOMEWHAT FLAWED WORK (PARDON THE PUN). IT TRACES THE CAREER OF PATTIE, A WASHERWOMAN WITH A CLUB FOOT, WHO-
ADJUST THE WHEELS & TRUCK IN, FOR A CLOSEUP.
A BIG "C·U"!!..
-BUT I MUSNT GIVE THE PLOT AWAY! SUFFICE TO SAY THAT WE FOLLOW PATTIE THROUGH SOME HARROWING PASSAGES WITH HER BUCKET- IT FAIRLY GLISTENS WITH SPARKLING, BUBBLY PROSE-
THAT'LL DO. DONT GO IN ANY TIGHTER- STOP!
AW- I CANT STOP NOW- I GOTTA GET A GOOD, CLOSEUP OF OL' KEG!
STOP! STOP! -I SAID STOP!
THAT'S ABOUT RIGHT! NOW I'LL LOCK 'ER OFF AN' GIVE HIM A STIR.
-IN JUST TWENTY TAUT CHAPTERS PATRICIA WHITE SWEEPS US ALONG WITH HER POLISHED YET ACCESSIBLE USE OF WORDS- SHE IS NEVER LESS THAN ENGROSSING-
I TOLD YOU TO STOP ARNOLD! I'LL GET YOU SACKED FOR THIS!

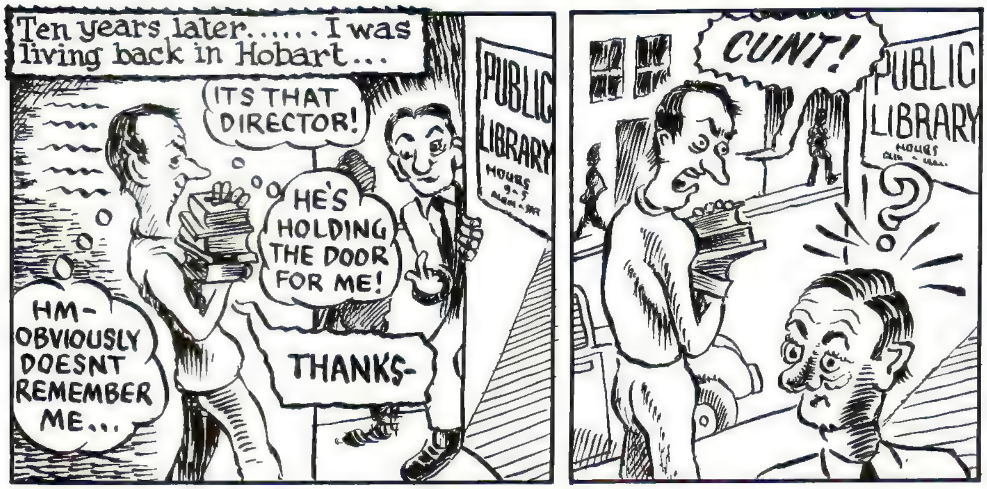

ALL IN ALL, IT IS AN INVALUBLE AND SORELY NEEDED GLIMPSE INTO THE MIND OF A CLEANING LADY!
I hadn't realized the camera was set on a wide-angle lens! But, dear reader – I had it beautifully in focus!
SPLUT! ZIT! MEH! SPUT!
– PERHAPS SOMEWHAT TURGID BUT STILL WELL WORTH THE READ @ £2·7·6!
AND NOW WE HAVE ANOTHER COMMERCIAL BREAK...
The incident didnt cost me the job, but it won me Cedric's life long "abuse." In fact, the last time I saw him in 1981, he appeared fulminating beneath my hi-hat at the end of a tune.
THAT WAS FUCKIN' AWFUL!!
GOTA LITTLE JOB FOR YOU!
ANOTHER ONE?
Producer of Kids Shows.
Now commences the true story of my dénouement at Channel Six...
I WANT YOU TO DEVISE A SEGMENT WHERE THE KIDS SEE YOU DRAWING A STORY – YOU KNOW, LIKE ROLF HARRIS!
SURE!
GOOD GRIEF!
I didnt fancy being seen on camera fumbling about with a pencil – the chance of embarrasing error was far too daunting. So instead, I came up with the idea of using simple drawings with moving parts...
The Adventures of GREGORY GREMLIN
WORKS O.K!
A few examples of methods used to give the illusion of animation:
"Boing bird"
BOIYOING BOING BOIOING BOIOING
Wire
Withdraw slowly to make Greg doze.
A
B
Slots
Materials: Cardboard – Drawing pins – Glue
This was my favourite


NOW THAT THE BOING BIRD WAS SAFELY RETURNED TO BOING LAND, GREGORY WENT BACK TO SLEEP IN THE PARK
SCRIPT EP. 12
See You Next Week
Words appear miraculously
The stories were as simple as Real Life ~ Greg presents with a problem, Solves it, End-huh! Being in black & white simplified it still further, and it ran for only two minutes, tops, once a week, utilizing maybe a dozen graphics.
I'LL CHANGE THE CLOSING PULL FOR EPISODE THIRTEEN. "CLOSE UP NEXT WEEK"..TEEHEE
C. U. Next
G'DAY LINZ! MORE GRIPPING THRILLS WITH GREGGY, EH?
C. U. N.
YEAH ZEKE!
HEY LOOK!
TECHNICAL STORE
IF THAT 'W' WAS A 'T' IT'D SAY "CUNT"!!
YOU'RE RIGHT! -I'LL DO 'ER!
C. U. Next Week
This is how it went on air - I want to emphasize that it only lasted a split second, while the "pull" was being done -
WHISK
C. U. N. T.
C. U. Next Time
-It was delicate and subtle! There were no phonecalls of complaint and nobody noticed it - except, unfortunately, in the control room:
NOW WATCH... LOOK! LOOK! SEE? AR HAR HAR HAR!! IT SAID "CUNT"! WOT I SAY? DID YA SEE IT?...
MY GHAD!
GET OUT!
Director's Artwork
C U Next Time
MAN'JAR
TVT6
I'M FREE AGAIN!
DAD'LL LOVE THIS! HE'LL CHUCK ME OUT! AH WELL... FUCK IT! I'LL LEAVE TASMANIA! THERE'S NOT ENOUGH JAZZ HERE ANYWAY!
FORD
TVT6
TRIUMPH
That was it! The director went straight to the manager and I was gone. There was no notice this time - I was given ten minutes to leave the premises while my check was made up...


COOL WEST COAST
RACK THAT UP. I HEAR YOU GOT SACKED AGAIN?
HOW MANY GOOD JOBS'VE YOU LOST SO FAR?
YOU'VE BIN CHUCKED OUTTA BOTH TV STATIONS, & ABOUT 3 OTHER JOBS, AS WELL AS THE EDUCATION DEPT.!!
In fact, my Diploma of Art course had been terminated because of my jocular and untimely use of exactly the same slang word!
I'd told a jnr. constable that he wasnt even a jnr. cunt, and it had gotten me jailed, fined, sacked & more. Would I never learn?


EVERYTHING'S COOL POPS! I NEVER REALLY WANTED ANY OF THOSE JOBS ANYWAY.
TALK PROP- YOU NEV-- YOU- WELL-- WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?
I WANT TO BE A FILM STAR.
AARR! ITS A WASTE OF TIME TALKIN TO YOU! YA CANT BE SERIOUS ABOUT ANYTHING!
SLAM


Dad had been a Zinc Worker ever since the Big Depression*, and I can see his point now that its too late... But I was quite serious about wanting to be a movie star. Wouldn't you? And I have tried... What's more, I'll make it yet. You'll see!
SHAMED IN THE COMMUNITY AGAIN!
I GOTTA GET RID OF THIS TRIUMPH HERALD - THEN I'LL BUY A CHEAP CAR FOR CASH & TAKE THE DRUMS TO THE MAINLAND IN IT.
I STILL OWE HEAPS ON THIS THING!
TRIUMPH
*Before that he was a drummer!
It took months to find a taker for that coupe...

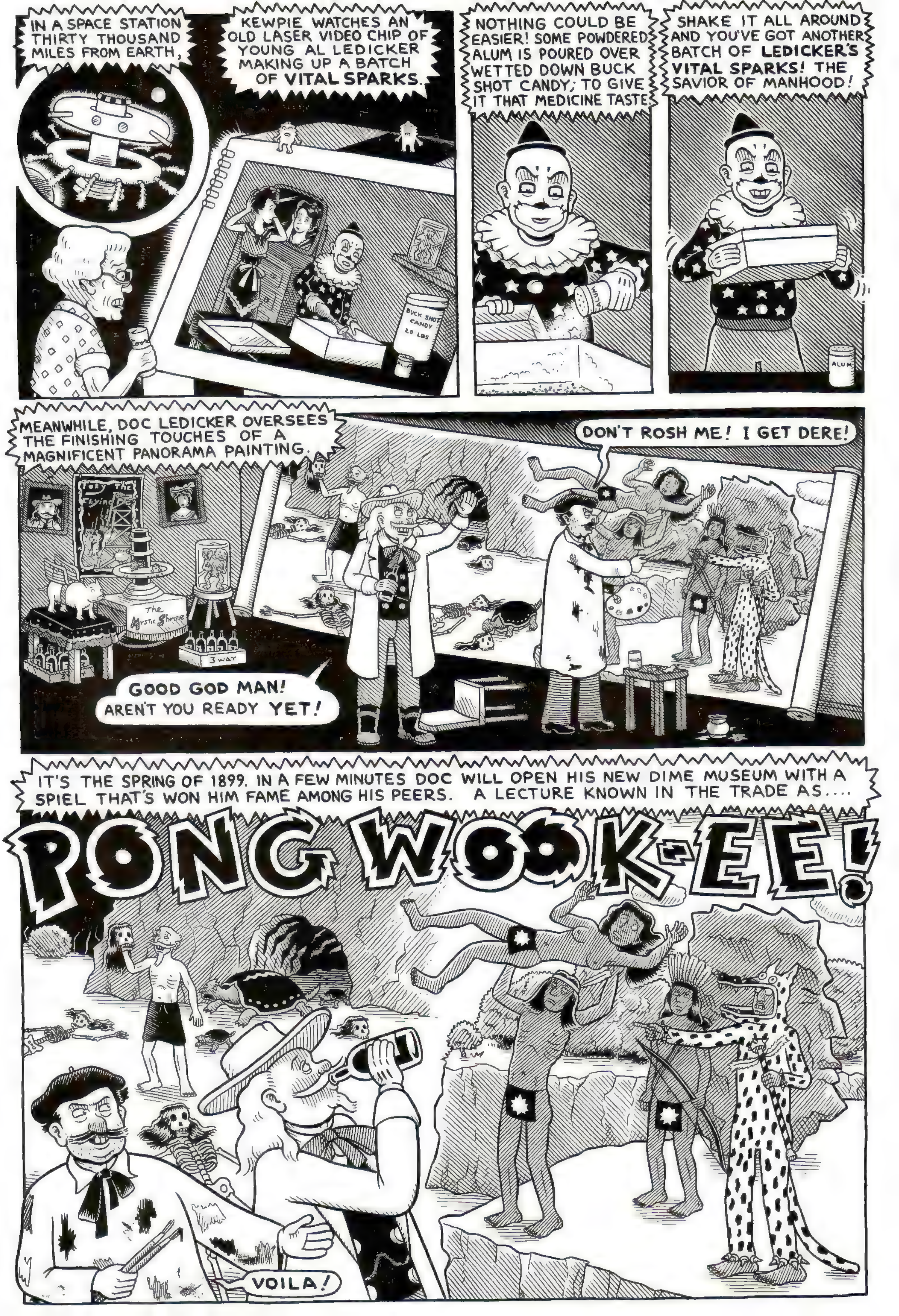

Ten years later...... I was living back in Hobart...
ITS THAT DIRECTOR!
HE'S HOLDING THE DOOR FOR ME!
HM- OBVIOUSLY DOESNT REMEMBER ME...
THANKS-
PUBLIC LIBRARY
HOURS
CUNT!
PUBLIC LIBRARY
?

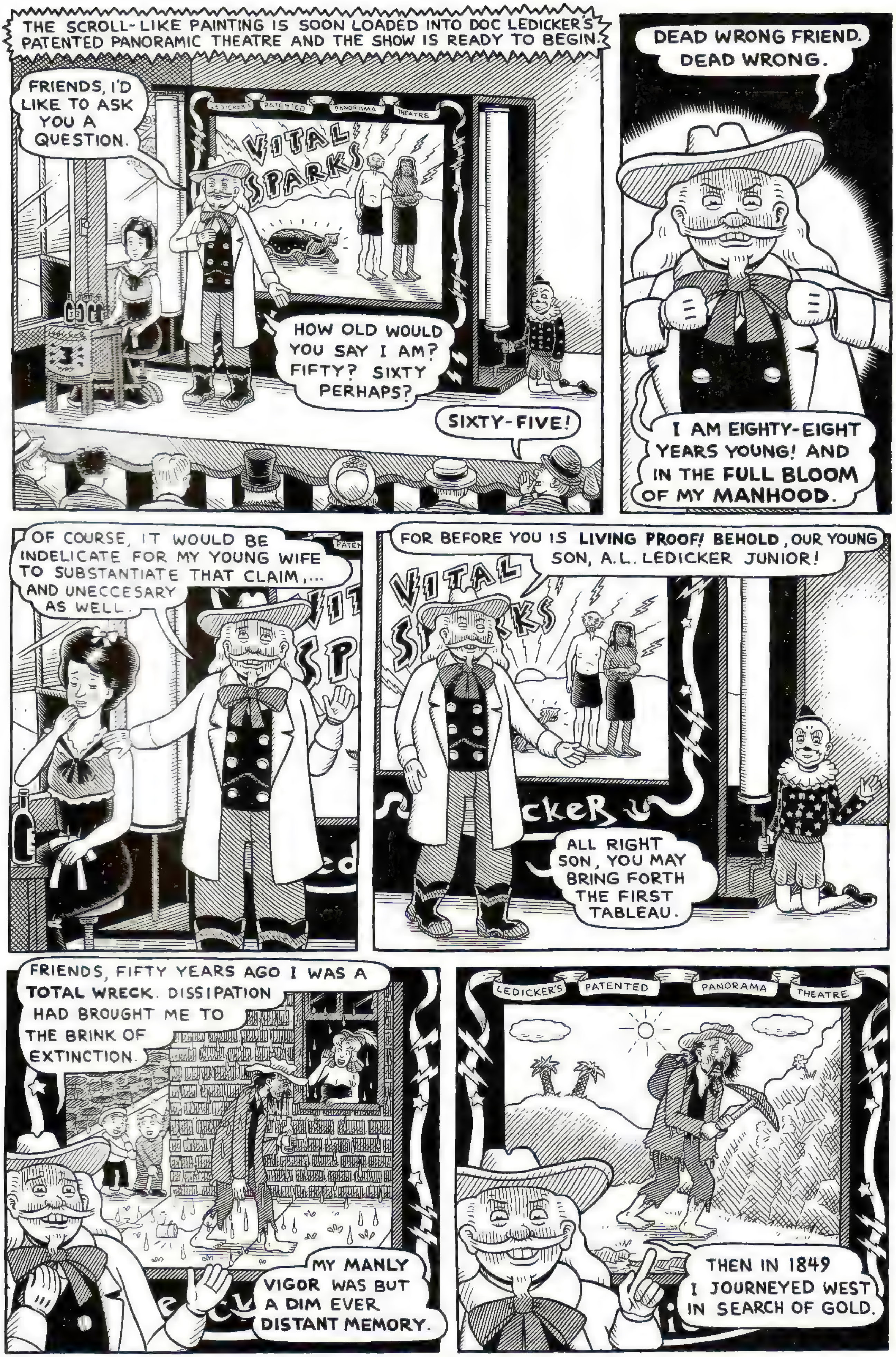
AFTERWORD

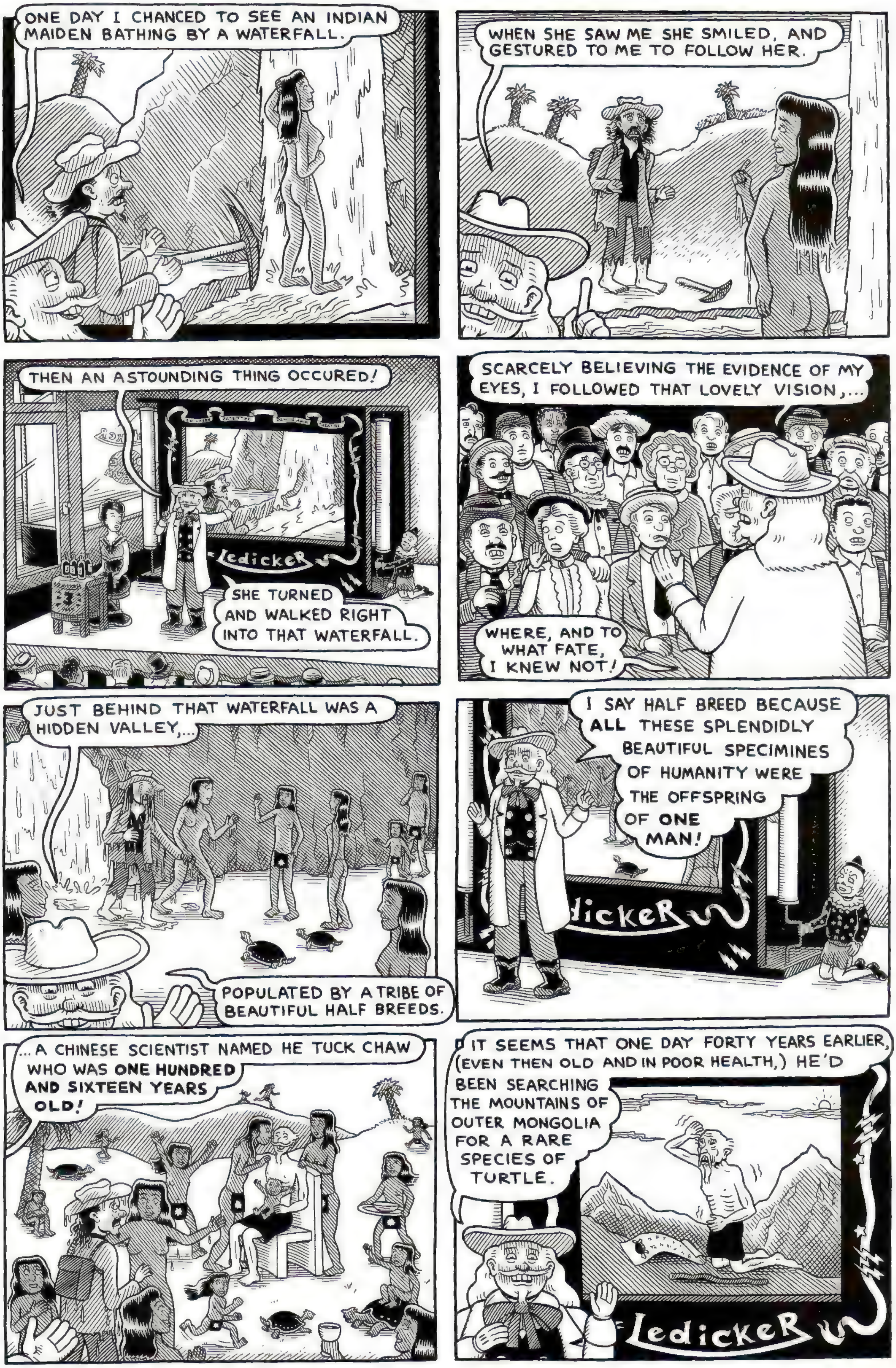
What was my true motivation for making a joke of firmly entrenched social speech taboos? - Whatever the solution to this semantic cesspool, it is only emblematic of a deeper human schism - like racism, fascism, or sexism. [DEDICATED TO LENNY]

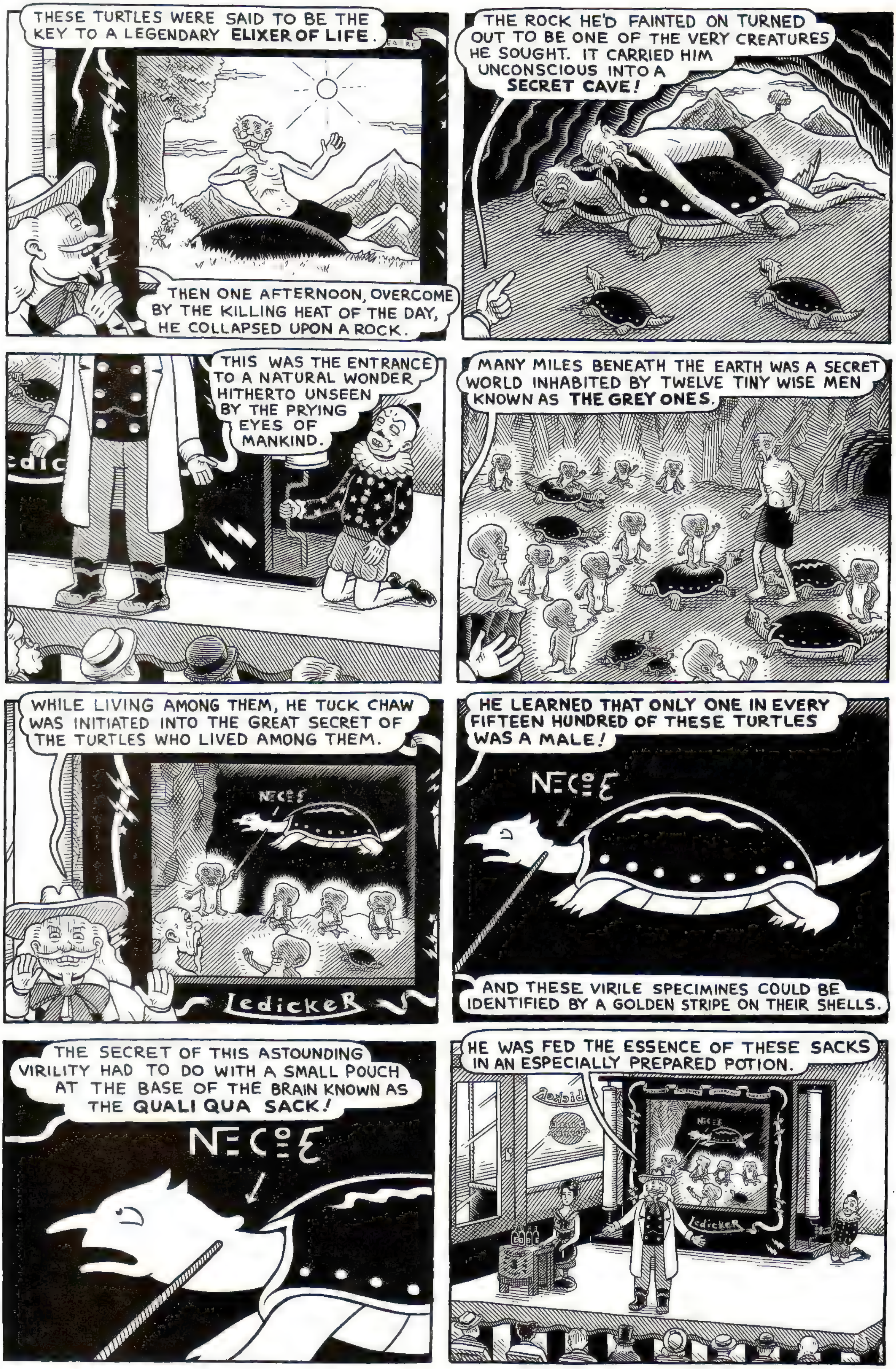
C·U·N·T

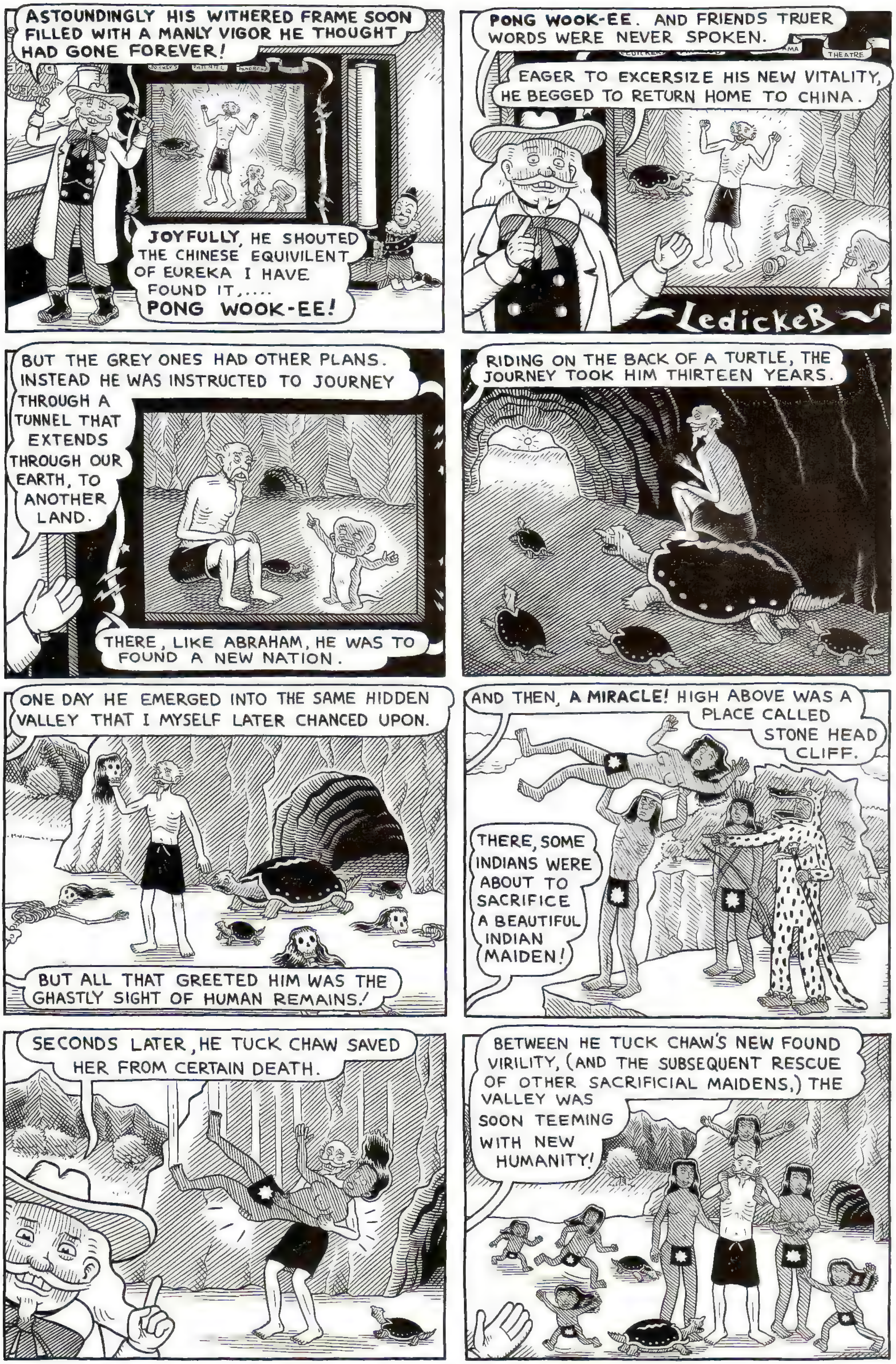
lindsay

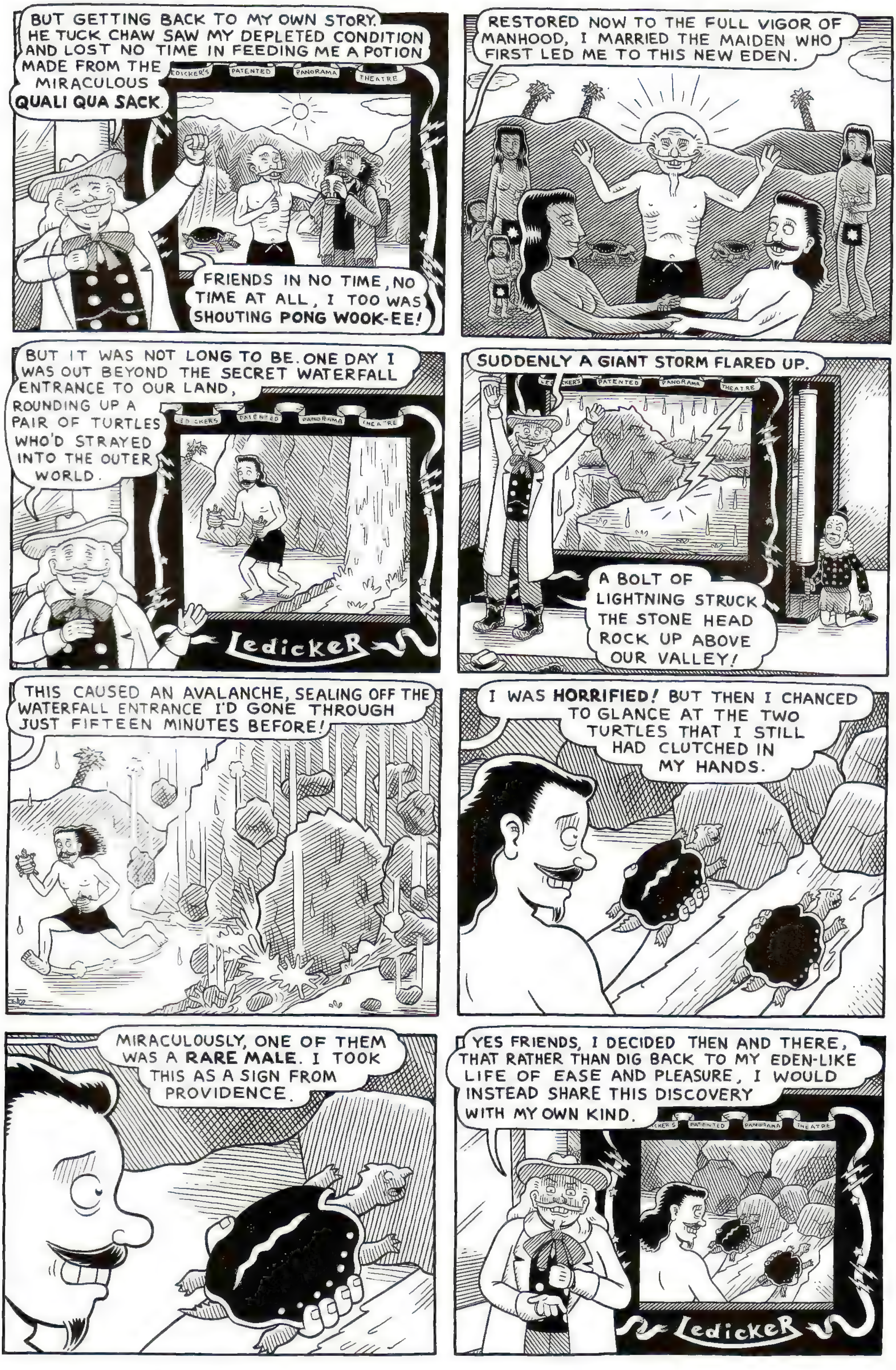

IN A SPACE STATION THIRTY THOUSAND MILES FROM EARTH,
KEWPIE WATCHES AN OLD LASER VIDEO CHIP OF YOUNG AL LEDICKER MAKING UP A BATCH OF VITAL SPARKS.
BUCK SHOT CANDY 20 LBS
ALUM
NOTHING COULD BE EASIER! SOME POWDERED ALUM IS POURED OVER WETTED DOWN BUCK SHOT CANDY; TO GIVE IT THAT MEDICINE TASTE
SHAKE IT ALL AROUND AND YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER BATCH OF LEDICKER'S VITAL SPARKS! THE SAVIOR OF MANHOOD!
ALUM
MEANWHILE, DOC LEDICKER OVERSEES THE FINISHING TOUCHES OF A MAGNIFICENT PANORAMA PAINTING.
DON'T ROSH ME! I GET DERE!
Toby The Flying Pig
The Mystic Shrine
3 WAY
GOOD GOD MAN! AREN'T YOU READY YET!
IT'S THE SPRING OF 1899. IN A FEW MINUTES DOC WILL OPEN HIS NEW DIME MUSEUM WITH A SPIEL THAT'S WON HIM FAME AMONG HIS PEERS. A LECTURE KNOWN IN THE TRADE AS....
PONG WOOK-EE!
VOILA!

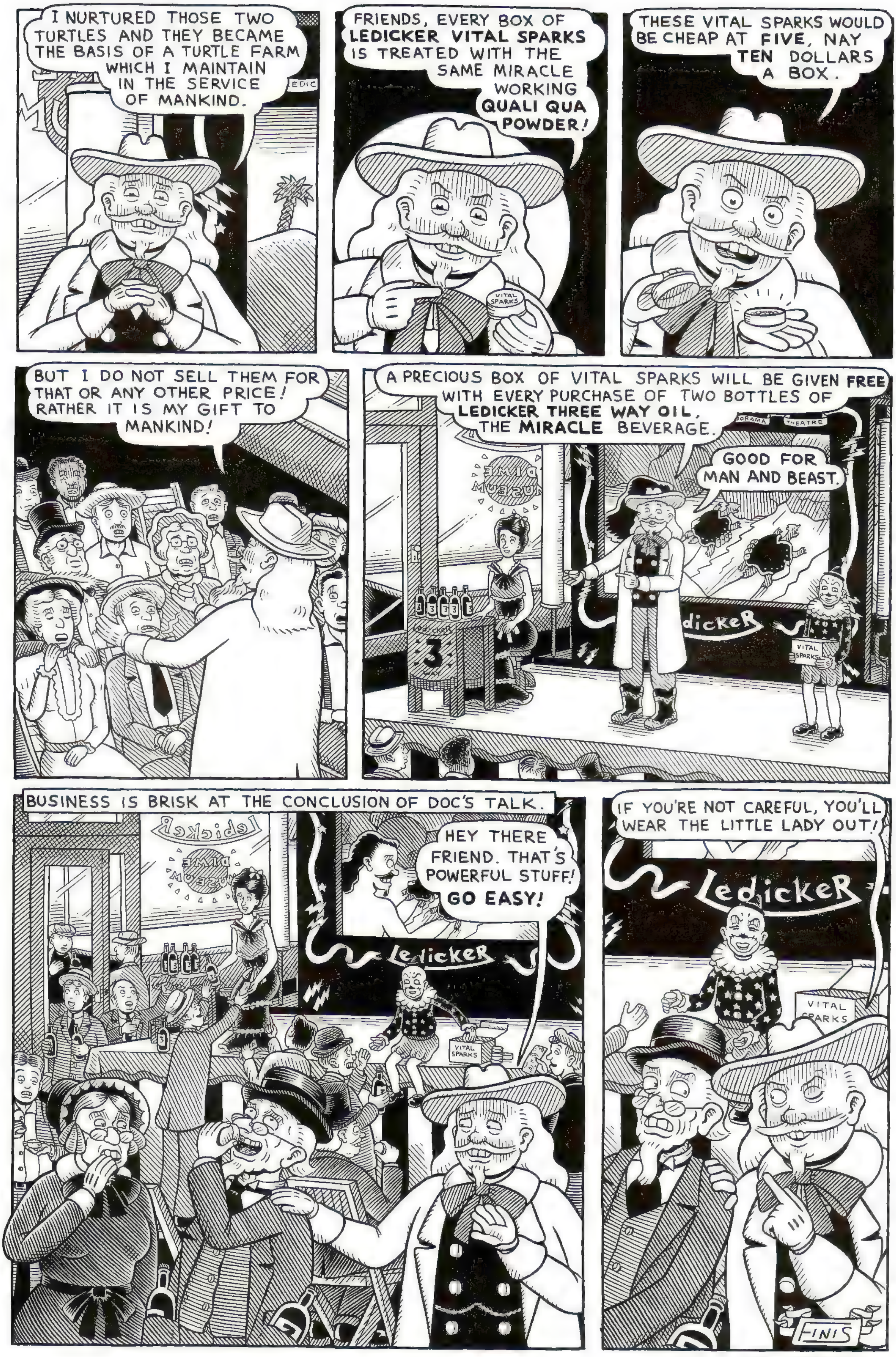

THE SCROLL-LIKE PAINTING IS SOON LOADED INTO DOC LEDICKER'S PATENTED PANORAMIC THEATRE AND THE SHOW IS READY TO BEGIN.
LEDICKER'S PATENTED PANORAMA THEATRE
VITAL SPARKS
FRIENDS, I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU A QUESTION.
HOW OLD WOULD YOU SAY I AM? FIFTY? SIXTY PERHAPS?
SIXTY-FIVE!
DEAD WRONG FRIEND. DEAD WRONG.
I AM EIGHTY-EIGHT YEARS YOUNG! AND IN THE FULL BLOOM OF MY MANHOOD.
OF COURSE, IT WOULD BE INDELICATE FOR MY YOUNG WIFE TO SUBSTANTIATE THAT CLAIM,... AND UNECCESARY AS WELL.
FOR BEFORE YOU IS LIVING PROOF! BEHOLD, OUR YOUNG SON, A.L. LEDICKER JUNIOR!
ALL RIGHT SON, YOU MAY BRING FORTH THE FIRST TABLEAU.
FRIENDS, FIFTY YEARS AGO I WAS A TOTAL WRECK. DISSIPATION HAD BROUGHT ME TO THE BRINK OF EXTINCTION.
MY MANLY VIGOR WAS BUT A DIM EVER DISTANT MEMORY.
LEDICKER'S PATENTED PANORAMA THEATRE
THEN IN 1849 I JOURNEYED WEST IN SEARCH OF GOLD.


ONE DAY I CHANCED TO SEE AN INDIAN MAIDEN BATHING BY A WATERFALL.
WHEN SHE SAW ME SHE SMILED, AND GESTURED TO ME TO FOLLOW HER.
THEN AN ASTOUNDING THING OCCURED!
Ledicker
SHE TURNED AND WALKED RIGHT INTO THAT WATERFALL.
SCARCELY BELIEVING THE EVIDENCE OF MY EYES, I FOLLOWED THAT LOVELY VISION,...
WHERE, AND TO WHAT FATE, I KNEW NOT!
JUST BEHIND THAT WATERFALL WAS A HIDDEN VALLEY,...
POPULATED BY A TRIBE OF BEAUTIFUL HALF BREEDS.
I SAY HALF BREED BECAUSE **ALL** THESE SPLENDIDLY BEAUTIFUL SPECIMINES OF HUMANITY WERE THE OFFSPRING OF **ONE MAN!**
dickeR
...A CHINESE SCIENTIST NAMED HE TUCK CHAW WHO WAS **ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN YEARS OLD!**
IT SEEMS THAT ONE DAY FORTY YEARS EARLIER, (EVEN THEN OLD AND IN POOR HEALTH,) HE'D BEEN SEARCHING THE MOUNTAINS OF OUTER MONGOLIA FOR A RARE SPECIES OF TURTLE.
Ledicker

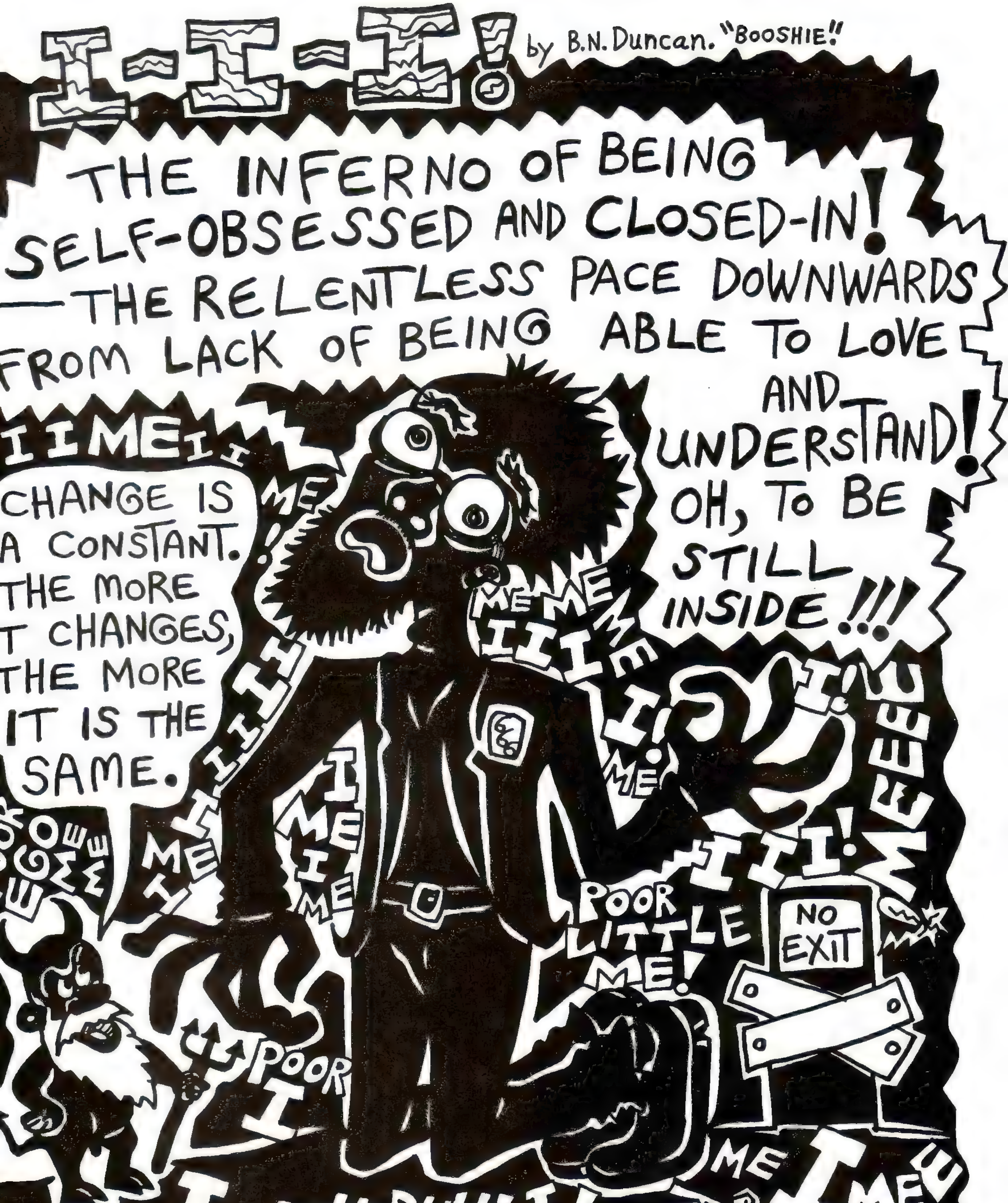

THESE TURTLES WERE SAID TO BE THE KEY TO A LEGENDARY **ELIXER OF LIFE**.
THEN ONE AFTERNOON, OVERCOME BY THE KILLING HEAT OF THE DAY, HE COLLAPSED UPON A ROCK.
THE ROCK HE'D FAINTED ON TURNED OUT TO BE ONE OF THE VERY CREATURES HE SOUGHT. IT CARRIED HIM UNCONSCIOUS INTO A **SECRET CAVE!**
THIS WAS THE ENTRANCE TO A NATURAL WONDER HITHERTO UNSEEN BY THE PRYING EYES OF MANKIND.
edic
MANY MILES BENEATH THE EARTH WAS A SECRET WORLD INHABITED BY TWELVE TINY WISE MEN KNOWN AS **THE GREY ONES**.
WHILE LIVING AMONG THEM, HE TUCK CHAW WAS INITIATED INTO THE GREAT SECRET OF THE TURTLES WHO LIVED AMONG THEM.
NECOE
LedickeR
HE LEARNED THAT ONLY ONE IN EVERY FIFTEEN HUNDRED OF THESE TURTLES WAS A MALE!
NECOE
AND THESE VIRILE SPECIMINES COULD BE IDENTIFIED BY A GOLDEN STRIPE ON THEIR SHELLS.
THE SECRET OF THIS ASTOUNDING VIRILITY HAD TO DO WITH A SMALL POUCH AT THE BASE OF THE BRAIN KNOWN AS THE **QUALI QUA SACK!**
NECOE
HE WAS FED THE ESSENCE OF THESE SACKS IN AN ESPECIALLY PREPARED POTION.
NECOE
Ledicker


ASTOUNDINGLY HIS WITHERED FRAME SOON FILLED WITH A MANLY VIGOR HE THOUGHT HAD GONE FOREVER!
JOYFULLY, HE SHOUTED THE CHINESE EQUIVILENT OF EUREKA I HAVE FOUND IT,.... PONG WOOK-EE!
PONG WOOK-EE. AND FRIENDS TRUER WORDS WERE NEVER SPOKEN.
THEATRE
EAGER TO EXCERSIZE HIS NEW VITALITY, HE BEGGED TO RETURN HOME TO CHINA.
Ledicker
BUT THE GREY ONES HAD OTHER PLANS. INSTEAD HE WAS INSTRUCTED TO JOURNEY THROUGH A TUNNEL THAT EXTENDS THROUGH OUR EARTH, TO ANOTHER LAND.
THERE, LIKE ABRAHAM, HE WAS TO FOUND A NEW NATION.
RIDING ON THE BACK OF A TURTLE, THE JOURNEY TOOK HIM THIRTEEN YEARS.
ONE DAY HE EMERGED INTO THE SAME HIDDEN VALLEY THAT I MYSELF LATER CHANCED UPON.
BUT ALL THAT GREETED HIM WAS THE GHASTLY SIGHT OF HUMAN REMAINS!
AND THEN, A MIRACLE! HIGH ABOVE WAS A PLACE CALLED STONE HEAD CLIFF.
THERE, SOME INDIANS WERE ABOUT TO SACRIFICE A BEAUTIFUL INDIAN MAIDEN!
SECONDS LATER, HE TUCK CHAW SAVED HER FROM CERTAIN DEATH.
BETWEEN HE TUCK CHAW'S NEW FOUND VIRILITY, (AND THE SUBSEQUENT RESCUE OF OTHER SACRIFICIAL MAIDENS,) THE VALLEY WAS SOON TEEMING WITH NEW HUMANITY!

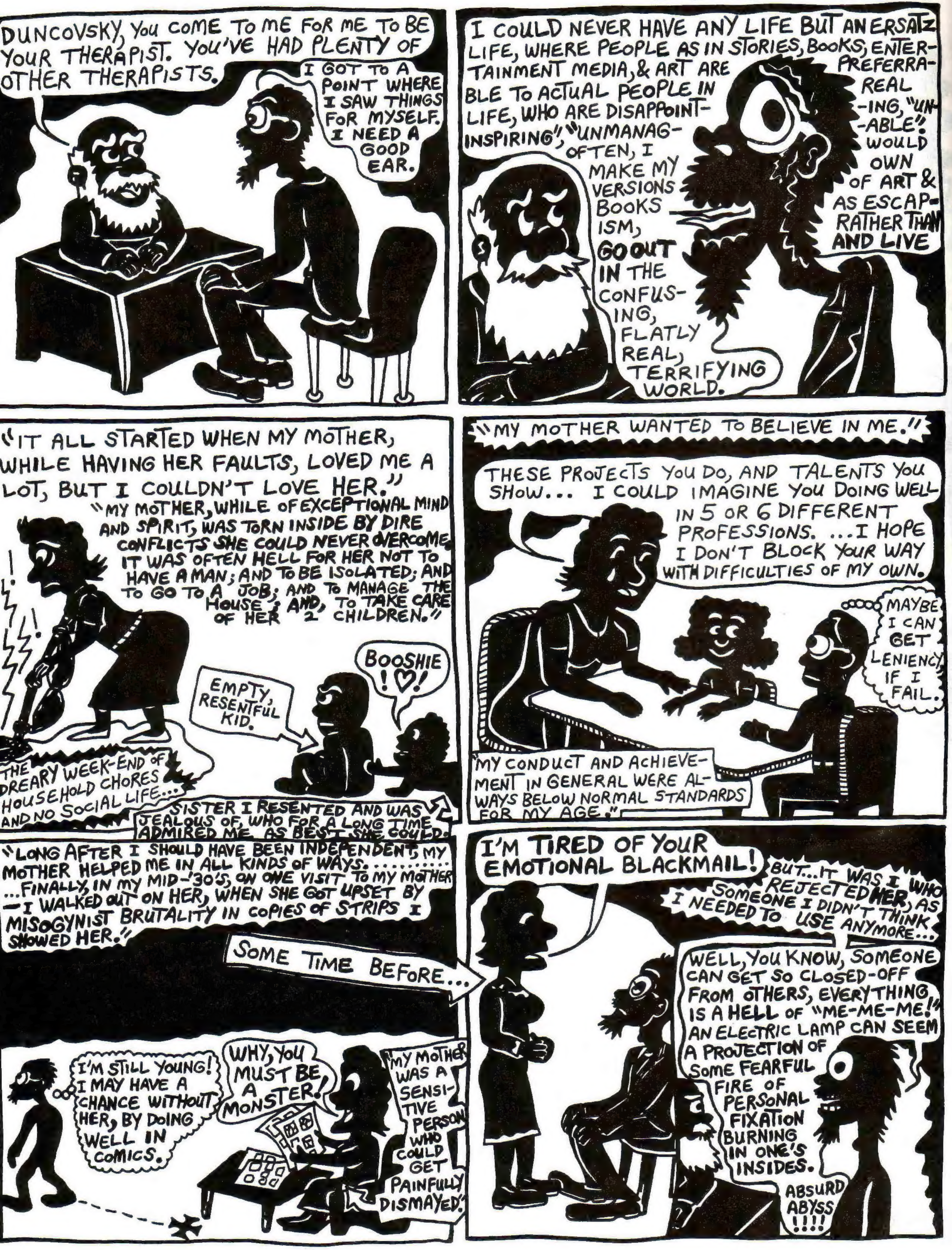

BUT GETTING BACK TO MY OWN STORY. HE TUCK CHAW SAW MY DEPLETED CONDITION AND LOST NO TIME IN FEEDING ME A POTION MADE FROM THE MIRACULOUS **QUALI QUA SACK**.
LEDICKER'S PATENTED PANORAMA THEATRE
FRIENDS IN NO TIME, NO TIME AT ALL, I TOO WAS SHOUTING **PONG WOOK-EE!**
RESTORED NOW TO THE FULL VIGOR OF MANHOOD, I MARRIED THE MAIDEN WHO FIRST LED ME TO THIS NEW EDEN.
BUT IT WAS NOT LONG TO BE. ONE DAY I WAS OUT BEYOND THE SECRET WATERFALL ENTRANCE TO OUR LAND, ROUNDING UP A PAIR OF TURTLES WHO'D STRAYED INTO THE OUTER WORLD.
LEDICKERS PATENTED PANORAMA THEATRE
Ledicker
SUDDENLY A GIANT STORM FLARED UP.
LEDICKERS PATENTED PANORAMA THEATRE
A BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRUCK THE STONE HEAD ROCK UP ABOVE OUR VALLEY!
THIS CAUSED AN AVALANCHE, SEALING OFF THE WATERFALL ENTRANCE I'D GONE THROUGH JUST FIFTEEN MINUTES BEFORE!
I WAS **HORRIFIED!** BUT THEN I CHANCED TO GLANCE AT THE TWO TURTLES THAT I STILL HAD CLUTCHED IN MY HANDS.
MIRACULOUSLY, ONE OF THEM WAS A **RARE MALE**. I TOOK THIS AS A SIGN FROM PROVIDENCE.
YES FRIENDS, I DECIDED THEN AND THERE, THAT RATHER THAN DIG BACK TO MY EDEN-LIKE LIFE OF EASE AND PLEASURE, I WOULD INSTEAD SHARE THIS DISCOVERY WITH MY OWN KIND.
LEDICKER'S PATENTED PANORAMA THEATRE
Ledicker

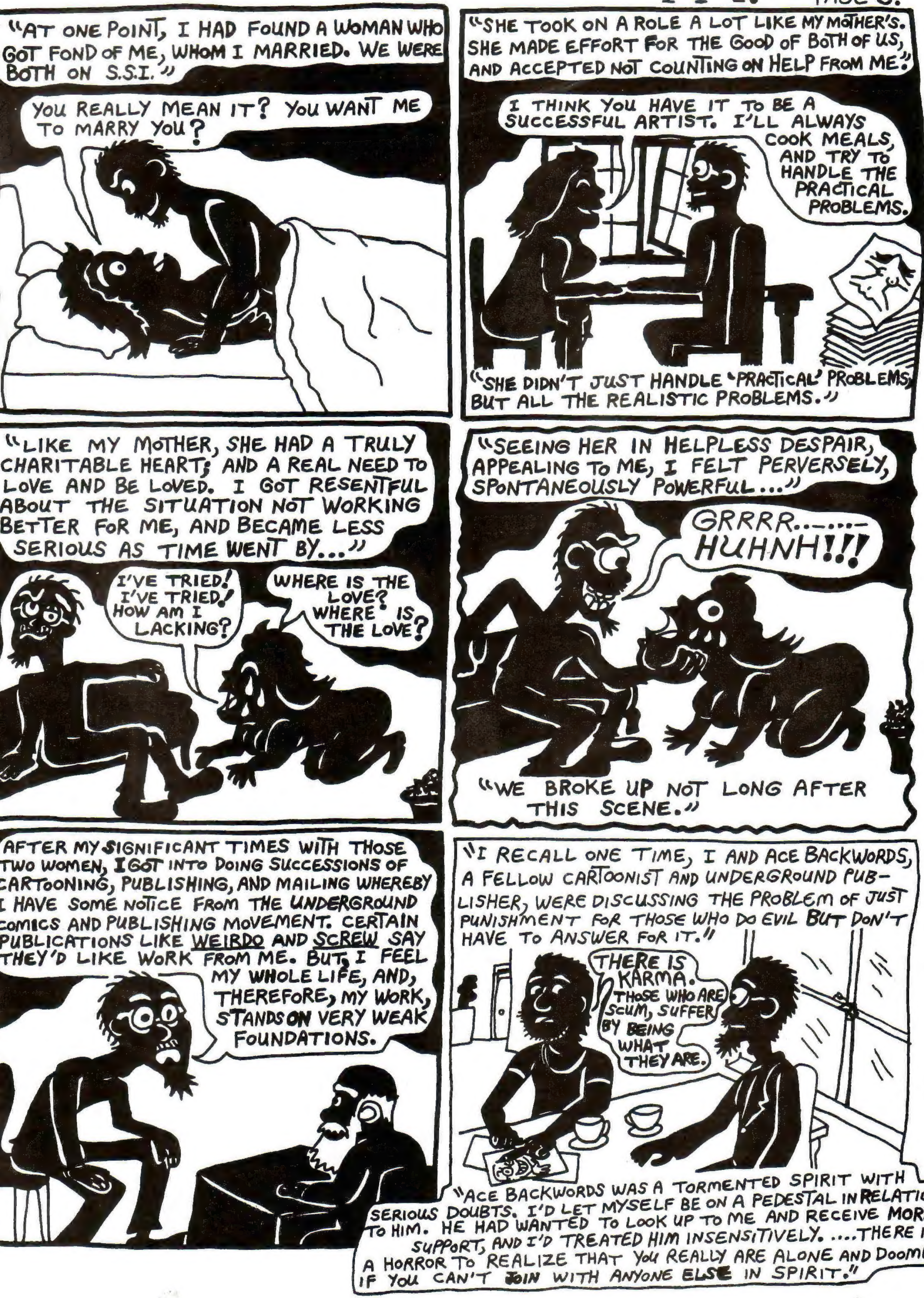

I NURTURED THOSE TWO TURTLES AND THEY BECAME THE BASIS OF A TURTLE FARM WHICH I MAINTAIN IN THE SERVICE OF MANKIND.
EDIC
FRIENDS, EVERY BOX OF **LEDICKER VITAL SPARKS** IS TREATED WITH THE SAME MIRACLE WORKING **QUALI QUA POWDER!**
VITAL SPARKS
THESE VITAL SPARKS WOULD BE CHEAP AT **FIVE**, NAY **TEN** DOLLARS A BOX.
BUT I DO NOT SELL THEM FOR THAT OR ANY OTHER PRICE! RATHER IT IS MY GIFT TO MANKIND!
A PRECIOUS BOX OF VITAL SPARKS WILL BE GIVEN **FREE** WITH EVERY PURCHASE OF TWO BOTTLES OF **LEDICKER THREE WAY OIL**, THE **MIRACLE** BEVERAGE.
ORAMA
THEATRE
DIME MUSEUM
GOOD FOR MAN AND BEAST.
Ledicker
3 WAY
LedickeR
VITAL SPARKS
BUSINESS IS BRISK AT THE CONCLUSION OF DOC'S TALK.
Ledicker
DIME MUSEUM
HEY THERE FRIEND. THAT'S POWERFUL STUFF! **GO EASY!**
Ledicker
VITAL SPARKS
IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL, YOU'LL WEAR THE LITTLE LADY OUT!
LedickeR
VITAL SPARKS
FINIS

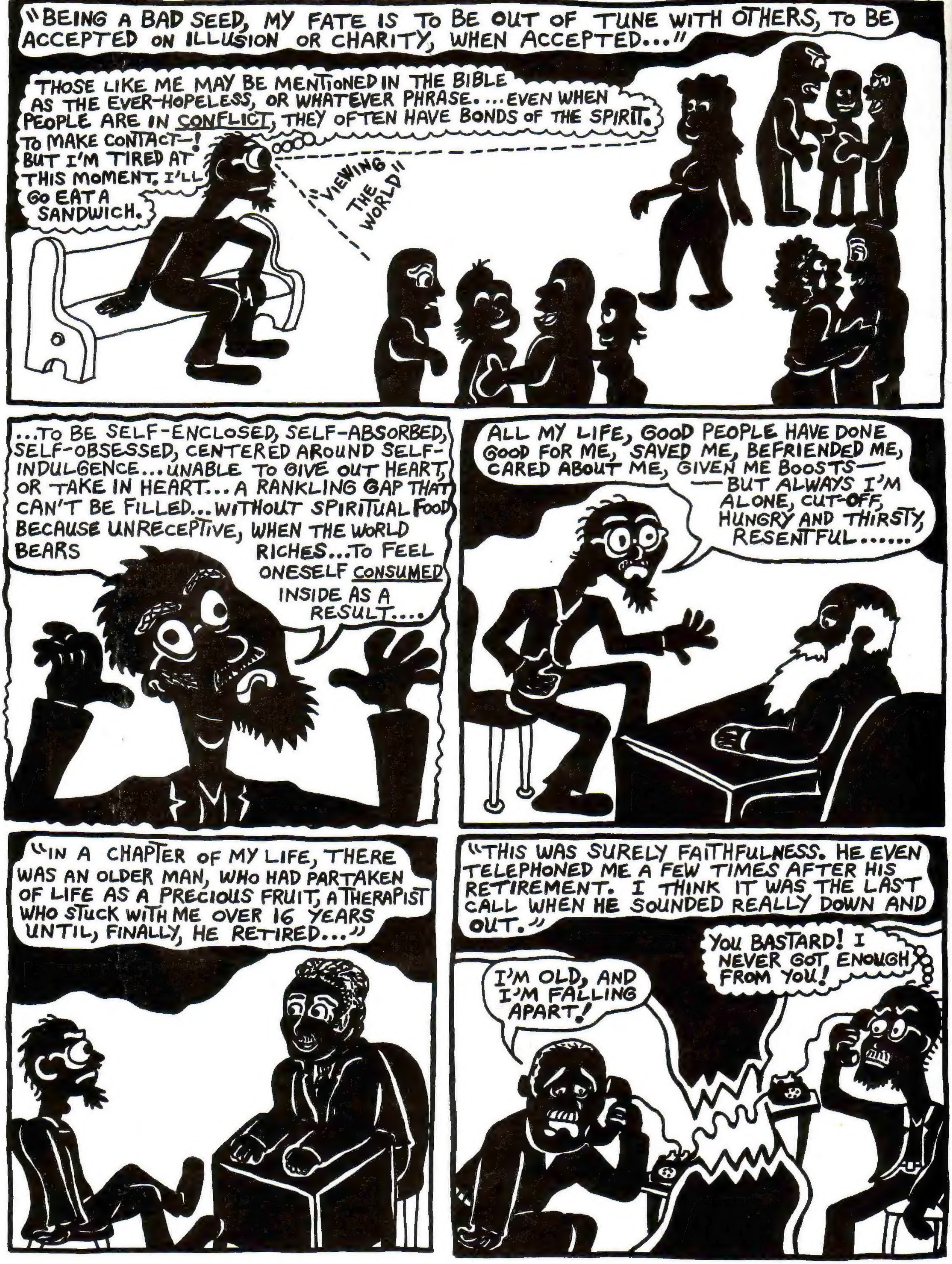
Kim Deitch

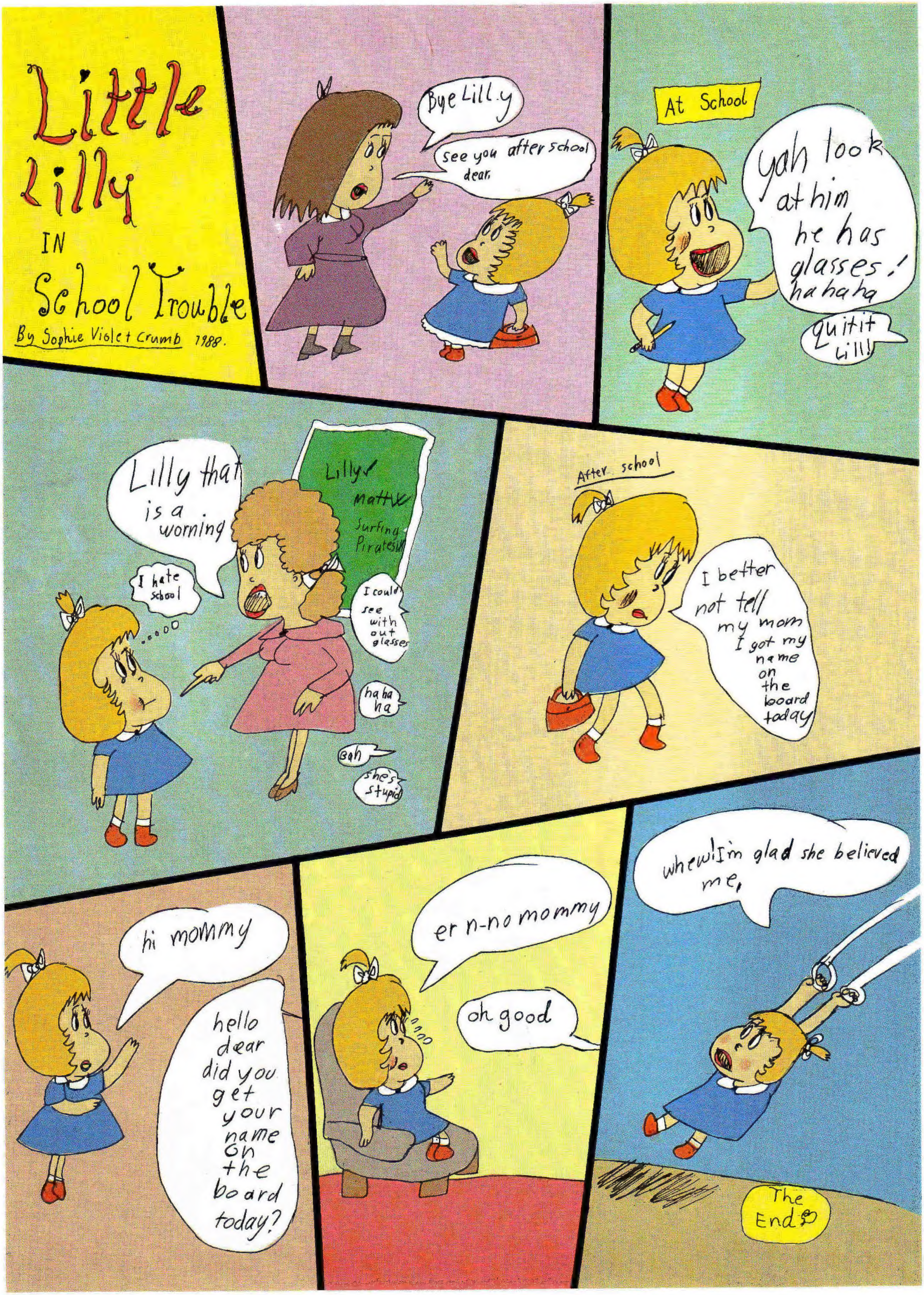

I-I-I!
by B.N. Duncan. "BOOSHIE!"
THE INFERNO OF BEING SELF-OBSESSED AND CLOSED-IN! —THE RELENTLESS PACE DOWNWARDS FROM LACK OF BEING ABLE TO LOVE AND UNDERSTAND! OH, TO BE STILL INSIDE!!!
IIMEII
CHANGE IS A CONSTANT. THE MORE T CHANGES, THE MORE IT IS THE SAME.
ME!
MEME
III
I!
ME
I!
MEEEE
III!
I ME I ME
POOR LITTLE ME!
NO EXIT
POOR I
I...DUH-DUH! I!
ME I ME

B.N.D. ©1987-1988.
CHRISTMAS EVE, 1987;
TO FEB. 3, 1988.


DUNCOVSKY, YOU COME TO ME FOR ME TO BE YOUR THERAPIST. YOU'VE HAD PLENTY OF OTHER THERAPISTS.
I GOT TO A POINT WHERE I SAW THINGS FOR MYSELF. I NEED A GOOD EAR.
I COULD NEVER HAVE ANY LIFE BUT AN ERSATZ LIFE, WHERE PEOPLE AS IN STORIES, BOOKS, ENTERTAINMENT MEDIA, & ART ARE PREFERRABLE TO ACTUAL PEOPLE IN REAL LIFE, WHO ARE DISAPPOINTING, "UNINSPIRING", "UNMANAGEABLE". OFTEN, I WOULD MAKE MY OWN VERSIONS OF ART & BOOKS AS ESCAPISM, RATHER THAN GO OUT AND LIVE IN THE CONFUSING, FLATLY REAL, TERRIFYING WORLD.
"IT ALL STARTED WHEN MY MOTHER, WHILE HAVING HER FAULTS, LOVED ME A LOT, BUT I COULDN'T LOVE HER."
"MY MOTHER, WHILE OF EXCEPTIONAL MIND AND SPIRIT, WAS TORN INSIDE BY DIRE CONFLICTS SHE COULD NEVER OVERCOME. IT WAS OFTEN HELL FOR HER NOT TO HAVE A MAN; AND TO BE ISOLATED; AND TO GO TO A JOB; AND TO MANAGE THE HOUSE; AND, TO TAKE CARE OF HER 2 CHILDREN."
BOOSHIE !♡!
EMPTY, RESENTFUL KID.
THE DREARY WEEK-END OF HOUSEHOLD CHORES AND NO SOCIAL LIFE...
SISTER I RESENTED AND WAS JEALOUS OF, WHO FOR A LONG TIME ADMIRED ME AS BEST SHE COULD.
"MY MOTHER WANTED TO BELIEVE IN ME."
THESE PROJECTS YOU DO, AND TALENTS YOU SHOW... I COULD IMAGINE YOU DOING WELL IN 5 OR 6 DIFFERENT PROFESSIONS. ...I HOPE I DON'T BLOCK YOUR WAY WITH DIFFICULTIES OF MY OWN.
MAYBE I CAN GET LENIENCY IF I FAIL.
"MY CONDUCT AND ACHIEVEMENT IN GENERAL WERE ALWAYS BELOW NORMAL STANDARDS FOR MY AGE."
"LONG AFTER I SHOULD HAVE BEEN INDEPENDENT, MY MOTHER HELPED ME IN ALL KINDS OF WAYS. ....FINALLY, IN MY MID-'30'S, ON ONE VISIT TO MY MOTHER —I WALKED OUT ON HER, WHEN SHE GOT UPSET BY MISOGYNIST BRUTALITY IN COPIES OF STRIPS I SHOWED HER."
SOME TIME BEFORE...
I'M STILL YOUNG! I MAY HAVE A CHANCE WITHOUT HER, BY DOING WELL IN COMICS.
WHY, YOU MUST BE A MONSTER!
"MY MOTHER WAS A SENSITIVE PERSON WHO COULD GET PAINFULLY DISMAYED."
I'M TIRED OF YOUR EMOTIONAL BLACKMAIL!
BUT...IT WAS I WHO REJECTED HER, AS SOMEONE I DIDN'T THINK I NEEDED TO USE ANYMORE...
WELL, YOU KNOW, SOMEONE CAN GET SO CLOSED-OFF FROM OTHERS, EVERYTHING IS A HELL OF "ME-ME-ME!" AN ELECTRIC LAMP CAN SEEM A PROJECTION OF SOME FEARFUL FIRE OF PERSONAL FIXATION BURNING IN ONE'S INSIDES.
ABSURD ABYSS !!!!


"AT ONE POINT, I HAD FOUND A WOMAN WHO GOT FOND OF ME, WHOM I MARRIED. WE WERE BOTH ON S.S.I."
YOU REALLY MEAN IT? YOU WANT ME TO MARRY YOU?
"SHE TOOK ON A ROLE A LOT LIKE MY MOTHER'S. SHE MADE EFFORT FOR THE GOOD OF BOTH OF US, AND ACCEPTED NOT COUNTING ON HELP FROM ME."
I THINK YOU HAVE IT TO BE A SUCCESSFUL ARTIST. I'LL ALWAYS COOK MEALS, AND TRY TO HANDLE THE PRACTICAL PROBLEMS.
"SHE DIDN'T JUST HANDLE 'PRACTICAL' PROBLEMS, BUT ALL THE REALISTIC PROBLEMS."
"LIKE MY MOTHER, SHE HAD A TRULY CHARITABLE HEART; AND A REAL NEED TO LOVE AND BE LOVED. I GOT RESENTFUL ABOUT THE SITUATION NOT WORKING BETTER FOR ME, AND BECAME LESS SERIOUS AS TIME WENT BY..."
I'VE TRIED! I'VE TRIED! HOW AM I LACKING?
WHERE IS THE LOVE? WHERE IS THE LOVE?
"SEEING HER IN HELPLESS DESPAIR, APPEALING TO ME, I FELT PERVERSELY, SPONTANEOUSLY POWERFUL..."
GRRRR.......HUHNH!!!
"WE BROKE UP NOT LONG AFTER THIS SCENE."
AFTER MY SIGNIFICANT TIMES WITH THOSE TWO WOMEN, I GOT INTO DOING SUCCESSIONS OF CARTOONING, PUBLISHING, AND MAILING WHEREBY I HAVE SOME NOTICE FROM THE UNDERGROUND OMICS AND PUBLISHING MOVEMENT. CERTAIN PUBLICATIONS LIKE WEIRDO AND SCREW SAY THEY'D LIKE WORK FROM ME. BUT, I FEEL MY WHOLE LIFE, AND, THEREFORE, MY WORK, STANDS ON VERY WEAK FOUNDATIONS.
"I RECALL ONE TIME, I AND ACE BACKWORDS, A FELLOW CARTOONIST AND UNDERGROUND PUBLISHER, WERE DISCUSSING THE PROBLEM OF JUST PUNISHMENT FOR THOSE WHO DO EVIL BUT DON'T HAVE TO ANSWER FOR IT."
THERE IS KARMA. THOSE WHO ARE SCUM, SUFFER BY BEING WHAT THEY ARE.
"ACE BACKWORDS WAS A TORMENTED SPIRIT WITH SERIOUS DOUBTS. I'D LET MYSELF BE ON A PEDESTAL IN RELATION TO HIM. HE HAD WANTED TO LOOK UP TO ME AND RECEIVE MORAL SUPPORT, AND I'D TREATED HIM INSENSITIVELY. ....THERE IS A HORROR TO REALIZE THAT YOU REALLY ARE ALONE AND DOOMED IF YOU CAN'T JOIN WITH ANYONE ELSE IN SPIRIT."


"BEING A BAD SEED, MY FATE IS TO BE OUT OF TUNE WITH OTHERS, TO BE ACCEPTED ON ILLUSION OR CHARITY, WHEN ACCEPTED..."
THOSE LIKE ME MAY BE MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE AS THE EVER-HOPELESS, OR WHATEVER PHRASE. ...EVEN WHEN PEOPLE ARE IN CONFLICT, THEY OFTEN HAVE BONDS OF THE SPIRIT.
TO MAKE CONTACT—! BUT I'M TIRED AT THIS MOMENT. I'LL GO EAT A SANDWICH.
"VIEWING THE WORLD"
...TO BE SELF-ENCLOSED, SELF-ABSORBED, SELF-OBSESSED, CENTERED AROUND SELF-INDULGENCE...UNABLE TO GIVE OUT HEART, OR TAKE IN HEART... A RANKLING GAP THAT CAN'T BE FILLED...WITHOUT SPIRITUAL FOOD BECAUSE UNRECEPTIVE, WHEN THE WORLD BEARS RICHES...TO FEEL ONESELF CONSUMED INSIDE AS A RESULT....
ALL MY LIFE, GOOD PEOPLE HAVE DONE GOOD FOR ME, SAVED ME, BEFRIENDED ME, CARED ABOUT ME, GIVEN ME BOOSTS— —BUT ALWAYS I'M ALONE, CUT-OFF, HUNGRY AND THIRSTY, RESENTFUL......
"IN A CHAPTER OF MY LIFE, THERE WAS AN OLDER MAN, WHO HAD PARTAKEN OF LIFE AS A PRECIOUS FRUIT, A THERAPIST WHO STUCK WITH ME OVER 16 YEARS UNTIL, FINALLY, HE RETIRED..."
"THIS WAS SURELY FAITHFULNESS. HE EVEN TELEPHONED ME A FEW TIMES AFTER HIS RETIREMENT. I THINK IT WAS THE LAST CALL WHEN HE SOUNDED REALLY DOWN AND OUT."
I'M OLD, AND I'M FALLING APART!
YOU BASTARD! I NEVER GOT ENOUGH FROM YOU!


Little Lilly
IN
School Trouble
By Sophie Violet Crumb 1988.
Bye Lilly
See you after school dear.
At School
yah look at him he has glasses! ha ha ha
quit it Lill!
Lilly that is a worning
I hate school
....o o o
Lilly✓
Matt✓✓
Surfing Pirates!!!
I could see with out glasses
ha ha ha
Bah
she's stupid
After school
I better not tell my mom I got my name on the board today
hi mommy
hello dear did you get your name on the board today?
er n-no mommy
oh good
whew! I'm glad she believed me,
The End